

CIVIL- WAR- STORIES



RETOLD FROM
ST. NICHOLAS



00022228867

LIBRARY OF THE COMMANDERY OF
THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS MILITARY
ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE
UNITED STATES

CADET ARMORY, BOSTON

<i>Case</i>	<i>Shelf</i>	<i>Number</i>
M	5	5225

WITHDRAWN

W.B. CLARKE CO.
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS
26 & 28 TREMONT ST. &
30 COURT SQ. BOSTON.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

CIVIL WAR STORIES

HISTORICAL STORIES
RETOLD FROM
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE
IN FIVE VOLUMES



INDIAN STORIES

A mirror of Indian ideas, customs, and adventures.

COLONIAL STORIES

Stirring tales of the rude frontier life of early times.

REVOLUTIONARY STORIES

Heroic deeds, and especially children's part in them.

CIVIL WAR STORIES

Thrilling stories of the great struggle, both on land and sea.

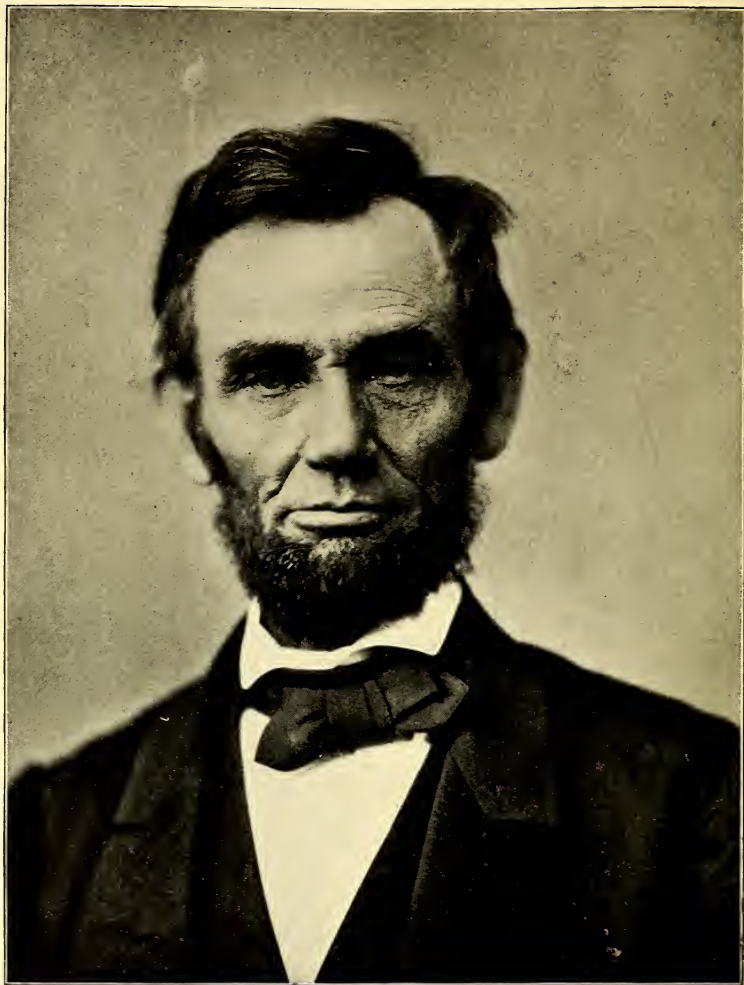
OUR HOLIDAYS

Something of their meaning and spirit.

Each about 200 pages. Full cloth, 12mo.

THE CENTURY CO.





A. Lincoln

CIVIL WAR STORIES

RETOLD FROM ST. NICHOLAS



PUBLISHED BY THE CENTURY CO.
NEW YORK MCMXI

Copyright, 1881, 1884, 1885, 1887, 1894, 1895,
1896, 1900, 1902, 1905, by
THE CENTURY CO.

THE DE VINNE PRESS

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ABRAHAM LINCOLN <i>Frontispiece</i> From a photograph	
OFF TO THE WAR <i>Harry M. Kieffer</i> With illustrations by George Varian, M. J. Burns, and Thomas Hogan	3
VIRGINIA SCENES IN '61 <i>Constance Cary Harrison</i> With illustrations by E. J. Meeker, A. C. Redwood, and E. W. Kemble	19
THE MERRIMAC AND THE MONITOR <i>General Adam Badeau</i> With illustrations by Henry Sandham, W. Taber, and J. O. Davidson	33
ELEANOR'S COLONEL <i>Annah Robinson Watson</i>	60
LIEUTENANT HARRY <i>Thomas Edwin Turner</i> With illustrations by W. N. Shelton	67
A STORY OF FARRAGUT <i>Charles H. Bodder</i> With illustrations by T. de Thulstrup and from a photograph	88
A DRUMMER-BOY AT GETTYSBURG . . <i>Harry M. Kieffer</i> With illustrations by A. C. Redwood, George Varian, A. R. Waud, and from a photograph	105
HOW MOSES WAS EMANCIPATED <i>Susan Huntington Hooker</i> With illustrations by Theodore R. Davis, Louise L. Huestis, and Harry Fenn	122

	PAGE
ULYSSES S. GRANT AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL . . . From a photograph	134
LINCOLN'S GOD-SPEED TO GRANT Fac-simile of letter of April 30, 1864	135
SHERIDAN IN THE VALLEY <i>General Adam Badeau</i> With illustrations by Theodore R. Davis and from a photograph	136
THE PICKET-GUARD <i>Ethelin Eliot Beers</i> With tail-piece by W. Taber	154
THE ALABAMA AND THE KEARSARGE With illustrations <i>By the Surgeon of the Kearsarge</i> by W. Taber, J. O. Davidson, and from a photograph	156
LIEUTENANT CUSHING AND THE RAM ALBEMARLE . . . With illustrations by J. O. Davidson <i>Theodore Roosevelt</i> and from a photograph	178
SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA . <i>General Adam Badeau</i> With illustrations by W. L. Sheppard, Theodore R. Davis, and W. Taber	188

PREFACE

THIS collection of *Civil War Stories*, like the *Indian Stories*, *Colonial Stories*, and *Revolutionary Stories*, presents quite accurately the picture of an important epoch in United States history.

It is now more than forty years since our country was engaged in the great Civil War between the North and the South, that resulted in the preservation of the Union, and the Stars and Stripes which represent it.

These stories, simply told, yet vivid and true, have been here brought together with the hope of instilling in the minds of even the youngest readers of history a love for their country and an interest in the men who defended it and the many who sacrificed their lives in so doing.

CIVIL WAR STORIES

Fold up the banners! smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons.

WILL H. THOMPSON.

CIVIL WAR STORIES

OFF TO THE WAR

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER

WHEN, in 1861, the war fever broke out in the school I was attending, and one after another the desks were left vacant where the older boys had sat, and there were few scholars left but the girls and the smaller boys who were too young to think of following the envied example of their older fellows, you can scarcely imagine how dull our life became. We had no interest in study, were restive and listless, and gave our good teacher a world of trouble. The wars of Cæsar and the siege of Troy,—what were they when compared with the great war now actually being waged in our own land? The nodding plumes of Hector and the armor of Homer's heroes were not half so interesting or magnificent as the brave uniforms of the soldiers we saw occasionally on our streets. And when, one day, one of our own school-fellows was

brought home, wounded by a ball through his shoulder, our excitement knew no bounds! And so, here is a letter I wrote to my father:

DEAR FATHER: I write to ask whether I may have your permission to enlist. I find the school is fast breaking up. Most of the boys are gone. I can't study any more. Won't you let me go?

Poor father! In the anguish of his heart it must have been that he sat down and wrote, "You may go!" Without the loss of a moment I was off to the recruiting-office, showed my father's letter, and asked to be sworn in; but alas! I was only sixteen, and lacked two years of being old enough, and they would not take me unless I could swear I was eighteen, which I could not do,—no, not even to gain this ardently desired object!

So, then, back again to the school, to Virgil and Homer, and that poor little old siege of Troy, for a few weeks more; until the very school-master himself was taken down with the war fever, and began to raise a company, and the school had to look for a new teacher, and they said I could enlist as drummer-boy, no matter how young I might be, if only that I had my

father's consent! And this, most unfortunately, had been revoked meanwhile, for there had come a letter saying: "My dear boy: If you have not yet enlisted, do not do so: for I think you are quite too young and delicate, and I gave my permission perhaps too hastily and without due consideration." But, alas! dear father, it was too late then, for I had set my very heart on going; the company was nearly full, and would leave in a few days, and everybody in the village knew that Harry was going for a drummer-boy.

There was an immense crowd of people at the depot that midsummer morning when our company started off to the war. It seemed as if the whole county had suspended work and voted itself a holiday, for a continuous stream of people, old and young, poured out of the little village of L—— and made its way through the bridge across the river, and over the dusty road beyond, to the station where we were to take the train.

The thirteen of us who had come down from the village of M—— to join the larger body of the company at L—— had enjoyed something of a triumphal progress on the way. We had a brass band to start with, besides no inconsiderable escort of vehicles and mounted horsemen,

the number of which was steadily swelled to quite a procession as we advanced. The band played and the flags waved and the boys cheered and the people at work in the fields cheered back, and the young farmers rode down the lane on their horses, or brought their sweethearts in their carriages and fell in line with the dusty procession. Even the old gate-keeper, who could not leave his post, got much excited as we passed, gave "three cheers for the Union forever," and stood waving his hat after us till we were hid from sight behind the hills.

Reaching L—— about nine in the morning, we found the village all ablaze with bunting, and the people so wrought up with the excitement that all thought of work had evidently been given up for that day. As we formed in line and marched down the main street toward the river, the sidewalks were crowded everywhere with people—with boys who wore red-white-and-blue neckties, and boys who wore fatigue caps, with girls who carried flags, and girls who carried flowers, with women who waved their kerchiefs, and old men who waved their walking-sticks, while here and there, as we passed along, at windows and doorways were faces red with long



THE DRUMMER-BOY'S DREAM

weeping, for Johnny was off to the war, and maybe mother and sisters and sweetheart would never, never see him again.

Drawn up in line before the station, we awaited the train. There was scarcely a man, woman, or child in that great crowd around us but had to press up for a last shake of the hand, a last good-by, and a last "God bless you, boys!" And so, amid cheering and hand-shaking, flag-waving, and band-playing, the train at last came thundering in, and we were off, with "The Star-Spangled Banner" sounding fainter and farther away, until it was drowned and lost to the ear in the noise of the swiftly rushing train.

For myself, however, the last good-by had not yet been said, for I had been away from home at school, and was to leave the train at a way-station some miles down the road, and walk out to my home in the country and say good-by to the folks at home,—and that was the hardest part of it all, for good-by then might be good-by forever.

If anybody at home had been looking out of door or window that hot August afternoon he would have seen, coming down the dusty road, a slender lad with a bundle slung over his

shoulder, and—but nobody was looking down the road—nobody was in sight. Even Rollo the dog, my old play-fellow, was asleep somewhere in the shade, and all was sultry, hot and still. Leaping lightly over the fence by the spring at the foot of the hill, I took a cool draught of water, and looked up at the great red farm-house above with a throbbing heart, for that was home, and many a sad good-by had there to be said, and said again, before I could get off to the war!

Long years have passed since then, but never have I forgotten how pale the faces of mother and sisters became when, entering the room where they were at work, and throwing off my bundle, in reply to their question, "Why, Harry, where did you come from?" I answered, "I came from school, and I 'm off for the war!" You may well believe there was an exciting time of it in the dining-room of that old red farm-house then. In the midst of the excitement, father came in from the field and greeted me with, "Why, my boy, where did you come from?" to which there was but one answer, "Came from school, and off for the war!"

"Nonsense; I can't let you go! I thought you had given up all idea of that. What would they

do with a mere boy like you? Why, you 'd be only a bill of expense to the government. Dreadful thing to make me all this trouble!"

But I began to reason with poor father. I reminded him, first of all, that I would not go without his consent; that in two years, and perhaps less, I might be drafted and sent amongst men unknown to me, while here was a company commanded by my own school-teacher, and composed of acquaintances who would look after me; that I was unfit for study or work while this fever was on me, and so on, till I saw his resolution begin to give way, as he lighted his pipe and walked down to the spring to think the matter over.

"If Harry is to go, father," mother says, "had n't I better run up to the store and get some woolens, and we 'll make the boy an outfit of shirts yet to-night?"

"Well,—yes; I guess you had better do so."

But when he sees mother stepping past the gate on her way, he halts her with—

"Stop! That boy can't go! I can't give him up!"

And shortly after he tells her that she "had better be after getting that woolen stuff for

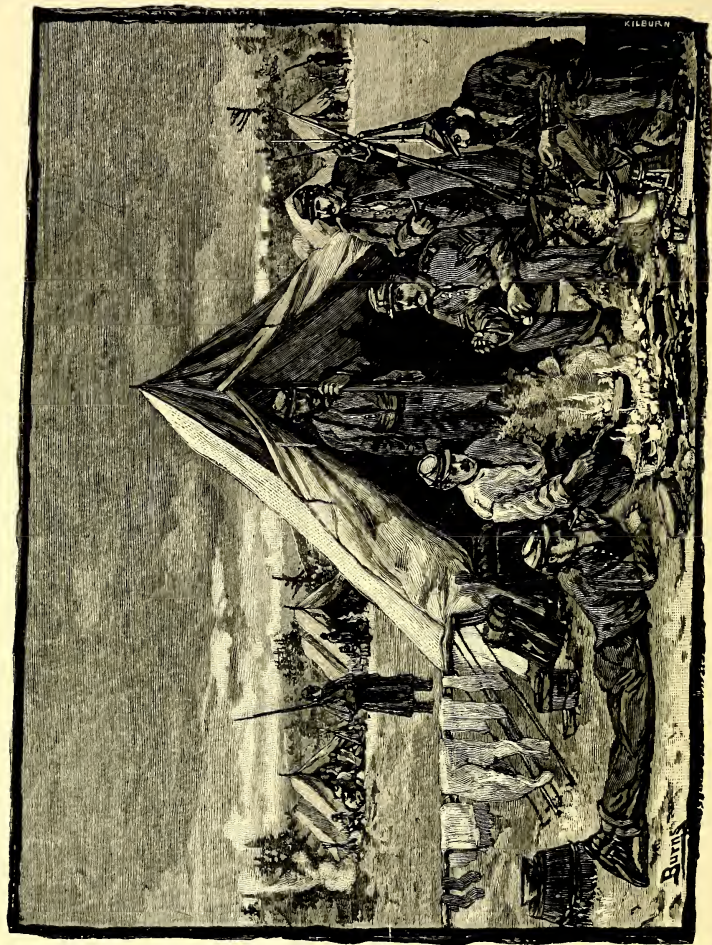
shirts," and again he stops her at the gate with—

"Dreadful boy! Why will he make me all this trouble? I can not let my boy go!"

But at last and somehow mother gets off. The sewing-machine is going most of the night, and my thoughts are as busy as it is, until far into the morning, with all that is before me that I have never seen—and all that is behind me that I may never see again.

Let me pass over the trying good-by the next morning, for Joe is ready with the carriage to take father and me to the station, and we are soon on the cars, steaming away toward the great camp, whither the company already has gone.

"See, Harry, there is your camp." And looking out of the car window, across the river, I catch, through the tall tree-tops, as we rush along, glimpses of my first camp,—acres and acres of canvas, stretching away into the dim and dusty distance, occupied, as I shall soon find, by some ten or twenty thousand soldiers, coming and going continually, marching and counter-marching until they have ground the soil into the dirtiest and deepest dust I ever saw.



A GLIMPSE OF CAMP LIFE

I shall never forget my first impressions of camp-life as father and I passed the sentry at the gate. They were anything but pleasant, and I could not but agree with the remark of my father, that "the life of a soldier must be a hard life, indeed," for, as we entered that great camp I looked into an A-tent, the front flap of which was thrown back, and saw enough to make me sick of the housekeeping of a soldier. There was nothing in that tent but dirt and disorder, pans and kettles, tin cups and cracker-boxes, forks and bayonet scabbards, greasy pork and broken hard-tack in utter confusion, and over all and everywhere that insufferable dust. Afterward, when we got into the field, our camps in summer-time were models of cleanliness, and in winter models of comfort, as far at least as ax and broom could make them so; but this, the first camp I ever saw, was so abominable, that I have often wondered it did not frighten the fever out of me.

But once among the men of the company, all this was soon forgotten. We had supper—hard-tack and soft bread, boiled pork, and strong coffee (in tin cups), fare that father thought "one could live on right well, I guess," and then the

boys came around and begged father to let me go; "they would take care of Harry; never you fear for that," and so helped on my cause that that night, about eleven o'clock, when we were in the railroad station together on the way home, father said:

"Now, Harry, my boy, you are not enlisted yet; I am going home on this train; you can go home with me now, or go with the boys. Which will you do?"

To which the answer came quickly enough; too quickly and too eagerly, I have often since thought, for a father's heart to bear it well:

"Father, I'll go with the boys!"

"Well, then, good-by, my boy! and may God bless you and bring you safely back to me again!"

The whistle blew "off brakes," the car door closed on father, and I did not see him again for three long, long years!

Often and often have I thought over these things since. I have never been able to come to any other conclusion than this: that it was the "war fever" that carried me off, and that made poor father let me go. For that "war fever" was a terrible malady in those days: Once you were taken with it, you had a very fire

in the bones until your name was down on the enlistment-roll. There was Andy, for example, afterward my mess-mate. He was on his way to school the very morning the company was leaving the village, with no idea of going along; but seeing this, that, and the other acquaintance in line, what did he do but run across the street to an undertaker's shop, cram his school-books through the broken window, take his place in line, and march off with the boys without so much as saying good-by to the folks at home! And he did not see his Cæsar and Greek grammar again for three years.

I open my journal and read:

"Sept. 2d.—Received part of our uniforms, and I got a new drum. Had a trial at double-quick this evening till we were all out of breath, after which thirty-five of our men were detailed as camp-guard for the first time. They stand guard two hours out of every six.

"Sept. 3d.—Slept soundly last night on the ground, although the cold was severe. Have purchased an India-rubber blanket—'gum' blanket, we call it, to keep off the dampness. To-day were mustered into service. We were all drawn up in line. Every man raised his right

hand, while an officer recited the oath. It took only a few minutes, but when it was over one of the boys exclaimed: 'Now, fellows, I 'd like to see any man go home if he dare. We belong to Uncle Sam now.'"

Of the one thousand men drawn up in line there that day, some lived to come back three years later and be drawn up in line again, almost on that identical spot, and how many do you think there were? No more than one hundred and fifty.



A CAMP OVEN

VIRGINIA SCENES IN '61

BY CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON

(Mrs. Burton Harrison)

THE only association I have with my old home in Virginia that is not one of unmixed happiness relates to the time immediately succeeding the execution of John Brown at Charlestown. Our homestead was in Fairfax County, at some distance from the theater of that tragic episode; and, belonging as we did to a family among the first in the State to manumit (release) slaves,—our grandfather having set free those that came to him by inheritance, and the people who served us being hired from their owners and remaining in our employ through years of kindest relations,—there seemed to be no especial reason for us to share in the apprehension of an uprising of the blacks. But there was the fear—unspoken, or pooh-poohed at by the men who were mouth-pieces for our community—dark, boding, oppres-

sive, and altogether hateful. I can remember taking it to bed with me at night, and awaking suddenly oftentimes to confront it through a vigil of nervous terror, of which it never occurred to me to speak to any one. The notes of whip-poor-wills in the sweet-gum swamp near the stable, the mutterings of a distant thunder-storm, even the rustle of the night wind in the oaks that shaded my window, filled me with nameless dread. In the daytime it seemed impossible to associate suspicion with those familiar tawny or sable faces that surrounded us. We had seen them for so many years smiling or saddening with the family joys or sorrows; they were so guileless, so patient, so satisfied. What subtle influence was at work that should transform them into tigers thirsting for our blood? The idea was preposterous. But when evening came again, and with it the hour when the colored people (who in summer and autumn weather kept astir half the night) assembled themselves together for dance or prayer-meeting, the ghost that refused to be laid was again at one's elbow. Rusty bolts were drawn and rusty fire-arms loaded. A watch was set where never before had eye or ear been lent to such a service. In short, peace had flown from the borders of Virginia.

Although the newspapers were full of secession talk and the matter was eagerly discussed at our tables, I cannot remember that, as late as Christmas-time of the year 1860, coming events had cast any definite shadow on our homes. The people in our neighborhood, of one opinion with their dear and honored friend, Colonel Robert E. Lee, of Arlington, were slow to accept the startling suggestion of disruption of the Union. At any rate, we enjoyed the usual holiday gathering of kinsfolk in the usual fashion. The old Vacluse house, known for many years past as a center of cheerful hospitality in the county, threw wide open its doors to receive all the members who could be gathered there of a large family circle. The woods about were despoiled of holly and spruce, pine and cedar, to deck the walls and wreath the picture-frames. On Christmas Eve we had a grand rally of youths and boys belonging to the "clan," as they loved to call it, to roll in a yule log, which was deposited upon a glowing bed of coals in the big "red-parlor" fire-place, and sit about it afterward, welcoming the Christmas in with goblets of egg-nog and apple-toddy.

"Where shall we be a year hence?" some one asked at a pause in the merry chat; and, in the

brief silence that followed, arose a sudden spectral thought of war. All felt its presence; no one cared to speak first of its grim possibilities.

On Christmas Eve of the following year the old house lay in ruins, a sacrifice by Union troops to military necessity; the forest giants that kept watch around her walls had been cut down and made to serve as breastworks for a fort erected on the Vacluse property as part of the defenses of Washington. Of the young men and boys who took part in that holiday festivity, all were in the active service of the South,—one of them, alas! soon to fall under a rain of shot and shell beside his gun at Fredericksburg; the youngest of the number had left his mother's knee to fight at Manassas, and found himself, before the year was out, a midshipman aboard the Confederate steamer *Nashville*, on her cruise in distant seas!

My first vivid impression of war-days was during a ramble in the neighboring woods one Sunday afternoon in spring, when the young people in a happy band set out in search of wild flowers. Pink honeysuckles, blue lupine, beds of fairy flax, anemones, and ferns in abundance sprang under the canopy of young leaves on the forest boughs, and the air was full of the song of birds



"VAUCLUSE"—A VIRGINIA HOMESTEAD

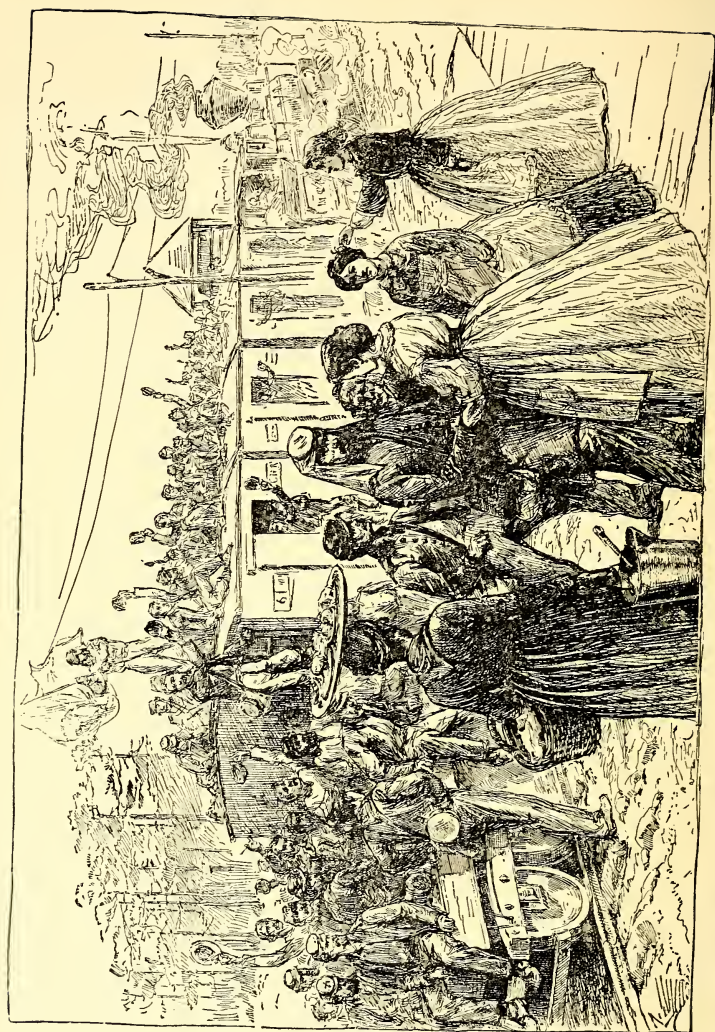
and the music of running waters. We knew every mossy path far and near in those woods; every tree had been watched and cherished by those who went before us, and dearer than any other spot on earth was our tranquil, sweet Vaucluse. Suddenly the shrill whistle of a locomotive struck the ear, an unwonted sound on Sunday. "Do you know what that means?" said one of the older cousins who accompanied the party. "It is the special train carrying Alexandria volunteers to Manassas, and to-morrow I shall follow with my company." Silence fell upon our little band. A cloud seemed to come between us and the sun. It was the beginning of the end too soon to come.

The story of one broken circle is the story of another at the outset of such a war. Before the week was over, the scattering of our household, which no one then believed to be more than temporary, had begun. Living as we did upon ground likely to be in the track of armies gathering to confront each other, it was deemed advisable to send the children and young girls into a place more remote from chances of danger. Some weeks later the heads of the household, two widowed sisters whose sons were at Manas-

sas, drove away from their home in their carriage at early morning, having spent the previous night in company with a half-grown lad digging in the cellar hasty graves for the interment of two boxes of old English silver-ware, heirlooms in the family, for which there was no time to provide otherwise. Although the enemy were long encamped immediately above it after the house was burnt the following year, this silver was found there when the war had ended; it was lying loose in the earth, the boxes having rotted away.

The point at which our family reunited within the Confederate lines was Bristoe, the station next beyond Manassas, a cheerless railway inn; a part of the premises was used as a country grocery store; and there quarters were secured for us with a view to being near the army.

Thanks to our own carriage, we were able during those rallying days of June to drive frequently to visit "the boys" in camp, timing the expeditions to include battalion drill and dress parade, and taking tea afterward in the different tents. Then were the gala days of war, and our proud hosts hastened to produce home dainties dispatched from the far-away plantations—tears



ON THE WAY TO MANASSAS

and blessings interspersed amid the packing, we were sure; though I have seen a pretty girl persist in declining other fare, to make her meal upon raw biscuit and huckleberry pie compounded by the bright-eyed amateur cook of a well-beloved mess. Feminine heroism could no farther go.

And so the days wore on until the 17th of July, when a rumor from the front sent an electric shock through our circle. The enemy were moving forward! On the morning of the 18th those who had been able to sleep at all awoke early to listen for the first guns of the engagement of Blackburn's Ford. Deserted as the women at Bristoe were by every male creature old enough to gather news, there was, for us, no way of knowing the progress of events during the long, long day of waiting, of watching, of weeping, of praying, of rushing out upon the railway track to walk as far as we dared in the direction whence came that intolerable booming of artillery. The cloud of dun smoke arising over Manassas became heavier in volume as the day progressed. Still, not a word of tidings, till toward afternoon there came limping up a single, very dirty soldier with his arm in a sling. What a heavensend he was, if only as an escape-valve for out pent-up

sympathies! We seized him, we washed him, we cried over him, we glorified him until the man was fairly bewildered. Our best endeavors could only develop a pin-scratch of a wound on his right hand; but when our hero had laid in a substantial meal of bread and meat, we plied him with trembling questions, each asking news of some staff or regiment or company. It has since occurred to me that he was a humorist in disguise. His invariable reply, as he looked from one to the other of his satellites, was: "The —— Virginia, marm? Why, of coase. They warn't no two ways o' thinkin' 'bout that ar reg'ment. They just *kivered* tharselves with glory!"

A little later two wagon-loads of slightly wounded claimed our care, and with them came authentic news of the day. Most of us received notes on paper torn from a soldier's pocket-book and grimed with gunpowder, containing assurance of the safety of the town. At nightfall a train carrying more wounded to the hospitals at Culpeper made a halt at Bristoe; and, preceded by men holding lanterns, we went in among the stretchers with milk, food, and water to the sufferers. One of the first discoveries I made, bending over in that fitful light, was a young officer

whom I knew to be a special object of solicitude with one of my comrades in the search; but he was badly hurt, and neither he nor she knew the other was near until the train had moved on. The next day, and the next, were full of burning ex-



LISTENING FOR THE FIRST GUN

citement over the impending general engagement, which people then said would decide the fate of the young Confederacy. Fresh troops came by with every train, and we lived only to turn from one scene to another of welcome and farewell. On Saturday evening arrived a message from

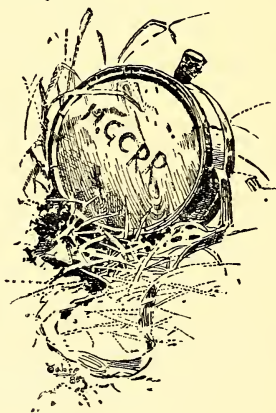
General Beauregard, saying that early on Sunday an engine and car would be put at our disposal, to take us to some point more remote from danger. We looked at one another, and, tacitly agreeing the gallant general had sent not an order but a suggestion, declined his kind proposal.

With August heats and lack of water, Bristoe was forsaken for quarters near Culpeper, where my mother went into the soldiers' barracks, sharing soldiers' accommodations, to nurse the wounded. In September quite a party of us, upon invitation, visited the different headquarters. We stopped overnight at Manassas, five ladies, sleeping upon a couch made of rolls of cartridge-flannel, in a tent guarded by a faithful sentry. I remember the comical effect of the five bird-cages (of a kind without which no self-respecting young woman of that day would present herself in public) suspended upon a line running across the upper part of our tent, after we had reluctantly removed them in order to adjust ourselves for repose. Our progress during that memorable visit was royal; an ambulance with a picked troop of cavalymen had been placed at our service, and the convoy was "personally conducted" by a pleasing variety of distinguished officers. It

was at this time, after a supper at the headquarters of the "Maryland line" at Fairfax, that the afterward universal war-song, "My Maryland!" was put afloat upon the tide of army favor.

Another incident of note, during the autumn of '61, was that to my cousins, Hetty and Jennie Cary, and to me was intrusted the making of the first three battle-flags of the Confederacy. They were jaunty squares of scarlet crossed with dark blue edged with white, the cross bearing stars to indicate the number of the seceded States. We set our best stitches upon them, edged them with golden fringes, and, when they were finished, dispatched one to Johnston, another to Beauregard, and the third to Earl Van Dorn, then commanding infantry at Manassas. The banners were received with all possible enthusiasm; were toasted, fêted, and cheered abundantly. After two years, when Van Dorn had been killed in Tennessee, mine came back to me, tattered and storm-stained from long and honorable service in the field. But it was only a little while after it had been bestowed that there arrived one day at our lodgings in Culpeper a huge, bashful Mississippi scout,—one of the most daring in the army,—with the frame of a Hercules

and the face of a child. He had been bidden to come there by his general, he said, to ask, if I would not give him an order to fetch some cherished object from my dear old home—something that would prove to me “how much they thought of the maker of that flag!” A week later I was the astonished recipient of a lamented bit of finery left “within the lines,” a wrap, brought to us by Dillon himself, with a beaming face. Mounted on a load of fire-wood, he had gone through the Union pickets, and while peddling poultry had presented himself at the house of my uncle, Dr. Fairfax, in Alexandria, whence he carried off his prize in triumph, with a letter in its folds telling us how relatives left behind longed to be sharing the joys and sorrows of those at large in the Confederacy.



THE MERRIMAC AND THE MONITOR

BY GENERAL ADAM BADEAU

IN the first year of the Civil War, there were two ships being built unlike any that had ever been seen in this world; one at Norfolk, in Virginia, and the other at Brooklyn, in the State of New York. Up to that time the navies of all nations had been made of wood; and when a wooden ship is struck in battle, every child knows it may be set on fire, or so torn to pieces that unless the rush of water into the hole is instantly stopped, the ship must sink. This is what makes a sea-fight so terrible.

Now, it occurred to the leaders on both sides in the great war, that if they could cover a ship with iron which a cannon-ball could not penetrate, that ship would be able to destroy all its enemies. It would be like some of the wonders of the "Arabian Nights"; whoever possessed this enchanted vessel could do infinite harm to others

without receiving any damage in return. He could attack and demolish whole fleets, and not only fleets, but even forts, and the cities which the fleets and forts defended. So both sides set to work to try to build such a wonderful ship.

The Southerners got the start. They were blockaded from the world, and had neither means nor material to construct an ordinary vessel of war; but their energy was great, and they possessed the American faculty of invention.

If you look at a map, you will see that the city of Norfolk stands on the Elizabeth River, only a few miles south of the point where that stream empties into the James. It is, however, completely hidden from view at the mouth by the windings of the river. Here, before the war, the United States owned a large navy-yard which, early in 1861, fell into the hands of the Confederates, but not until all the vessels had been either sunk or burned. Among the ships thus destroyed was a huge steam frigate, called the *Merrimac*, carrying forty guns,—one of the largest vessels in the American navy.

This wreck the Southerners thought would do for their purposes. They hoisted it out of its miry bed, and then cut it down till the deck was

level with the water. Next they boarded over each end for more than seventy feet. Then, on the middle portion, one hundred and seventy feet long, they built a wooden wall, rising on all sides seven feet from the water's edge, and sloping inward like a roof, till the sides came within twenty feet of each other at the top. This wall, or roof,—you may call it which you please,—they completely covered with iron plates four inches thick, riveted into the wood. The vessel then looked like a huge iron box, or a long, low fort with port-holes in the sides through which the guns could be fired. There were ten of these guns; one at each end, bow and stern, the others at the sides. In front was an iron horn, or ram, that projected two feet and a half, intended to strike and pierce the vessel of the enemy. The top of the box was covered with an iron grating to keep off some of the mischief of shells falling from above. Through this grating came all the light and air that the crew received, and when the ship was not in battle, it served for a promenade. The vessel was worked with the old engines, which had of course been greatly damaged by the burning and sinking they had undergone. Nothing at all like this structure had ever been known in

war. One or two iron ships had been built in England and France, but none had ever been used in actual battle. The *Merrimac* was an experiment. She was, indeed, hardly a ship, but a floating fort.

The Southerners had no navy, and it was difficult to find a crew; but three hundred men, who had once been sailors, were finally recruited from their army. The commander was Commodore Buchanan, and the next in rank Lieutenant Jones, both of whom had been officers of the United States Navy.

Every effort was made to keep the building of the new ship a secret from the North, but this proved impossible, and the Washington government at once set about preparing to meet so formidable an enemy. For if the *Merrimac* proved a success, she could destroy any ship in the world, enter any harbor at the North, passing the forts, and fire directly into the heart of New York or Boston from the bay. Nothing could withstand a ship the armor of which was impenetrable.

Captain John Ericsson, a Swede by birth, but an American citizen, had long been planning an iron-clad ship of his own, and his plans were now laid before the government and accepted. He

built at Brooklyn, in New York harbor, what he called a fighting machine. Instead of a great floating fort, heavy and difficult to move, he designed a small battery of only two heavy guns, which was to be able to move in shallow water where the great ship could not go, to be itself as fully protected by its iron armor as the *Merrimac*, but, being small, to be easily handled; to be able to turn more quickly, to approach the enemy at close quarters when it chose, and to escape every attack which it could not withstand. The great question, however, was the protection—the armor.

To provide for this, Ericsson contrived a structure, you can hardly call it a ship, one hundred and seventy feet long, and about forty wide, and reaching eleven feet below the water, while the deck was only one foot above. There was nothing whatever above the deck but the pilot-house, and a revolving iron tower with two guns on the inside; these were the only cannon aboard, but they fired shot weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. The object of the revolving tower was to be able to get along with fewer guns. By turning the tower, the same gun could be used in any direction; whereas, in a great unwieldy ship the whole mass must turn, or you can only

fire from one side. The tower or turret was twenty feet across and nine feet high. The tops of the smoke pipes also rose six feet above the deck, and the blower pipes four and a half feet; but when the thing was fighting, these pipes were removed, and the openings were covered with iron gratings, so that there was nothing to aim at, nothing to be struck or injured, but the turret and the pilot-house. The deck was plated with iron, which hung over so as to guard the hull.

The pilot-house was extremely small, containing just space for three men and the wheel. It was built entirely of iron, in solid blocks twelve inches deep and nine inches thick. The only lookout was through an opening left between the blocks, making a long and narrow sight-hole all around the pilot-house, five-eighths of an inch in width. In battle the commanding officer was to remain in the pilot-house, and direct the action of the ship and the guns, while the next in rank, the executive officer, superintended the firing. A speaking-trumpet connected the pilot-house and the turret and conveyed the commander's orders. Everything else—engines, boilers, anchor, officers' rooms, quarters for the men—all were below; all shielded from the enemy by the iron armor reach-

ing over the deck on the outside. The whole thing looked like a cheese-box on a raft, or as one of the Southerners said when he saw it for the first time—like a tin can on a shingle. Ericsson called it the *Monitor*, because it was to admonish, or warn, the Southerners that they could not resist the Union.

As the news came North that the *Merrimac* was nearly complete, and might come out of her hiding place in the Elizabeth River at any time, work was pressed on the *Monitor* night and day. For the whole result of the war might be changed if the Confederate monster got out of the James. Indeed, if the *Monitor* met her, it was uncertain whether this strange invention of Ericsson could withstand the gigantic ship. Still there was this chance, the only one. The little craft was begun in October, 1861, and in less than a hundred days was launched. On the 25th of February she was handed over to the government. She had a ship's company of fifty-eight souls, Lieutenant Worden commanding, and Lieutenant Greene, a boy of twenty-two, next in rank.

Hampton Roads is the name given to the broad sheet of water at the mouth of the James, into which that river expands before it empties into

Chesapeake Bay. On Saturday, the 8th of March, a Union fleet was moving about this harbor between Fortress Monroe, at the entrance of the bay, and Newport News, a point that juts out from the northern shore seven miles up the river. Off Newport News two sailing frigates were anchored, about three hundred yards from shore—the *Cumberland* of thirty guns, and the *Congress* carrying fifty cannon—both first-class men-of-war. Farther toward the sea was the *Minnesota*, a steam frigate of forty guns, and still beyond her lay the *Roanoke*, her sister ship, and the *St. Lawrence*, a sailing vessel of war,—all of the largest size known in the American navy. There were, besides, several smaller steamers, armed tugs, floating about the Roads. This fleet was engaged in blockading the James—the only avenue between Richmond and the sea. Fortress Monroe, the great work at the entrance, and a land battery at Newport News were the only points on the James at that time in the possession of the Northerners; but their naval strength enabled them to command the river and prevent all communication between Richmond and the outside world.

On the southern side of the bay the Confederates had several batteries, the most important of



IN THE TURRET OF THE "MONITOR"

which was at Sewell's Point, to protect the mouth of the Elizabeth and the approach to Norfolk.

About noon on the 8th of March, the *Merrimac* appeared. Steaming out of the Elizabeth River, she came into the Roads and headed direct for Newport News, where the *Cumberland* and the *Congress* lay, unconscious of the approaching danger. The *Cumberland* was a little west of the peninsula, the *Congress* about two hundred yards to the east. Both ships were at anchor, the crews were washing their clothes, the small boats were fastened to the booms. But as the monstrous mass moved steadily on, all knew at once what the black-looking object must be. The boats were dropped astern, all hands were ordered to their places, and the *Cumberland* was swung across the channel so that her broadside would bear against the stranger.

As the *Merrimac* approached, she looked like a huge crocodile floating on the surface of the water. Her iron sides rose slanting and like the roof of a house or the arched back of a tortoise, the ram projecting in front above the water's edge. A flag was floating from one staff and a pennant at the stern; but not a man could be seen on the outside. She came at the rate of four or five miles

an hour. When she got within half a mile, the *Cumberland* opened fire, followed by the *Congress*, the gunboats and the batteries on shore. The *Merrimac*, however, made straight for the *Cumberland*, delivering a broadside into the *Congress* as she passed. The *Congress* returned the broadside, and the *Cumberland* poured in another, but the balls bounced like India-rubber from her mailed sides, making not the slightest impression. The flagstaff was cut away, but no one could get out to replace it, and she fought for a while with only the pennant at her stern.

Now the *Congress* and the *Cumberland* and all the shore batteries poured in their fire, and the *Merrimac* fired forward into the *Cumberland*, killing and wounding the crew of one of the guns. Two small vessels that had followed in her wake from Norfolk also took sides, and three Confederate gunboats came down the James to participate, while the *Minnesota*, the *Roanoke*, and the *St. Lawrence* all started from their moorings for the battle.

But the *Merrimac* steered steadily for the *Cumberland* and crushed her iron horn into the vessel's side, making an enormous hole. The frigate was forced back upon her anchors with a tremendous

shock, and the water at once went rushing into the hole. The *Merrimac* then drew off, but her ram was broken, and she left it sticking in the *Cumberland's* side. All the Union vessels now poured shot and shell into or rather at the *Merrimac*. Two of her guns had the muzzles blown off, one of her anchors and all the smoke-pipes were shot away; ropes, railings, timbers, everything unprotected by armor was swept clean off. The flag-staffs were repeatedly shot away, and the colors after a while were hoisted to the smoke-stack; when that went, they were fastened to a boarding-pike. One of the crew came out of a port-hole to the outside, and was instantly killed. But the armor was hardly damaged, though a hundred heavy guns must have been turned on it at once from ship or shore.

The *Merrimac* herself kept up her fire on both the *Cumberland* and the *Congress* from her different sides. After a while she advanced again towards the *Cumberland*, and shot one shell that killed nine men, following this up with a broadside that mowed down officers, sailors, and gunners; for on the upper deck there was no protection whatever. The men stood up like targets, fighting against foes who were themselves unseen and

completely shielded. Lieutenant Morris, who commanded the *Cumberland*, was summoned to surrender; but he replied, "Never! I'll sink alongside." The water all this time was rushing into the hole made by the ram, the vessel had been set on fire in several places, and the decks were covered with dead and dying men. The *Merrimac* was now within three hundred yards, and from her safe iron walls her crew could send each ball to its mark. The water kept pouring into the *Cumberland*, not only at the great hole made by the ram, but after a while at the port-holes. As the ship sank lower and lower, the crew was driven from deck to deck upward, working the guns that were left unsubmerged. At thirty minutes past three the water had risen to the spar deck, and the crew delivered a parting fire. Each man then tried to save himself by jumping overboard; some scrambled through the port-holes, others leaped from the rigging or the masts, but many went down with the ship, which settled with a roar, the stars and stripes still waving. That flag was finally submerged, but even after the hull had grounded on the sands, the pennant was still flying from the topmast above the waves. None of the crew were captured, but

nearly all the wounded were drowned. In all, about a hundred were lost: small boats came out from shore and rescued the remainder under the Confederate fire.

The *Merrimac* now turned upon the *Congress*, which, seeing the fate of her comrade, had moved in toward shore and purposely run aground, where the *Merrimac* could not follow without also getting aground. This would have been fatal to the heavy Confederate battery, so that there was no danger of the *Merrimac* ramming the *Congress*. Still, the unhappy frigate was at the mercy of her enemy. The iron monster came up so close that her crew fired pistol-shots into the port-holes of the *Congress*. The *Minnesota* and her sister frigates had all got aground lower down the bay, and were unable to assist their struggling consort.

The *Merrimac* at last took a position astern, at a distance of only one hundred and fifty yards, and raked her helpless antagonist fore and aft. The other Confederate vessels all came up and poured shot and shell into the stranded ship. The commander was killed. There was no prospect of relief from the *Minnesota*. The men were knocked away from the guns as fast as they tried

to fire, and at last not a single piece could be brought to bear on the enemy. The ship was on fire in several places, and at half-past four the colors were lowered. When the father of Captain Joseph Smith, the commander of the *Congress*, was told that the *Congress* had shown the white flag of surrender, he simply remarked, "Jo's dead." He knew that his son would not have surrendered had he been alive.

Buchanan, who commanded the *Merrimac*, at once sent a boarding party, and the flag, as well as the sword of the dead commander of the *Congress*, was surrendered. The second in rank was directed to transfer his wounded to the *Merrimac* as quickly as possible; but the batteries on shore kept up their fire and would not permit the removal of the prisoners, although the white flag was flying. "*We have not surrendered,*" said General Mansfield, in command at Newport News. As Buchanan was unable to take possession of the prize, he ordered hot shell to be fired at her, and the *Congress* was soon in flames in every part. At the same moment he was himself shot and severely wounded. His brother was an officer on the *Congress*, so that they fought each other. The Confederates were driven off by the renewed

fire, and the crew of the *Congress* escaped in small boats, or by swimming, to the shore; but thirty were captured and many lost.

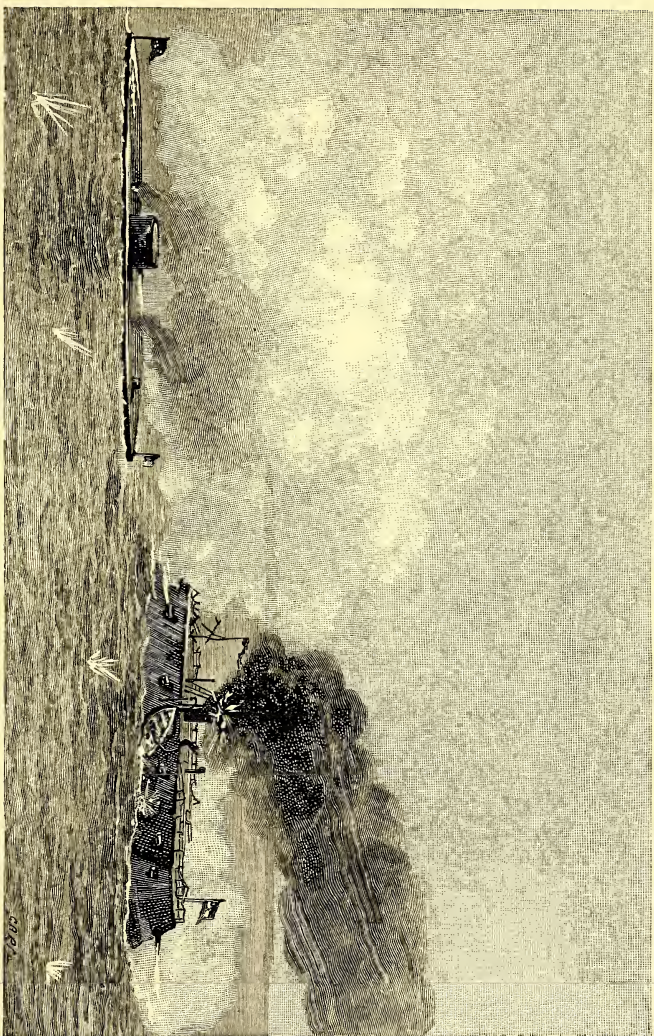
The *Merrimac* now turned her attention to the *Minnesota*, which was aground and at the mercy of the Confederates. It was only five o'clock, and there were still two hours of daylight; but the tide was ebbing, and there was some dispute on the *Merrimac* about the channel. The Confederates supposed they had only to wait till morning to secure the remainder of the fleet: rescue was impossible: the giant could dispatch whichever victim stood in the way. So the *Merrimac* retired to the entrance of the Elizabeth River and waited till morning to resume her task. She had lost two men killed and nineteen wounded.

During that terrible night the *Minnesota* lay within a mile and a half of Newport News, on the sandbank where the ship seemed to have made a cradle for herself. At ten the tide turned to flood, and all hands were at work from that time till four in the morning with steam-tugs and ropes endeavoring to haul the ship off the bank, but without avail. The *St. Lawrence* and the *Roanoke* were below in the harbor.

The moon was in her second quarter. The

mast-head of the *Cumberland* could be seen above the waves, with her colors still flying, while a little south of Newport News the *Congress* was in a blaze. As the flames crept up the rigging, every mast and spar and rope glittered against the sky in lines of fire. The port-holes in the hull looked like the mouths of fiery furnaces; a shell or a loaded gun went off from time to time, as the fire reached it, and at two o'clock the magazine exploded with a tremendous shock and sound. A mountain sheaf of flame went up, a flash seemed to divide the sky, and the blazing fragments were scattered in every direction. When the glare subsided the rigging had vanished, and only the hull remained, charred and shattered. The port-holes were blown into one great gap, where the conflagration blazed and smoldered till morning.

That night there was consternation not only in the fleet and at Fortress Monroe, but farther yet, at Washington, and all over the North. It seemed as if nothing could prevent the complete success of the *Merrimac*. The anxious vessels lay in the Roads, the *Minnesota* waiting to be destroyed, like the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*, in the morning. The President and his cabinet were discussing gloomily what might happen, and in



From the Cyclopaedia of the "Monitor" and the "Merrimack," New York City. By permission of the proprietors.

THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMACK"

every city at the North men lay awake dreading the news of the morrow. For it was not only that the victory of the Union was delayed, that its forces were resisted, its ships destroyed, but disaster might be carried to any one of the harbors or cities of the Atlantic by this one vessel, which could find no opponent to withstand her, since she was herself invulnerable while able to deal irresistible blows.

At the South, on the other hand, the rejoicing was extravagant. The result itself was exaggerated; the wildest hopes were cherished. The blockade was to be raised, the war ended, the South to be made independent—all because of the *Merrimac*. On the spot, the plan was to destroy the *Minnesota* in the morning, and later the remainder of the fleet below Fortress Monroe. The crew of the *Merrimac* slept at their guns dreaming of other victories.

But neither side knew what was to happen in the morning.

At daybreak Worden perceived the *Merrimac* at anchor with the Confederate gunboats, near Sewell's Point. At half-past seven the *Titan* got under way, and started direct for the *Minnesota*. At once the little *Monitor* came out from behind

the frigate to guard her lofty consort. Worden took his station in the pilot-house, which projected only four feet above the deck; Greene, with sixteen men, was in the turret. The remainder of the crew was distributed in the engine and fire rooms, or was in the magazine.

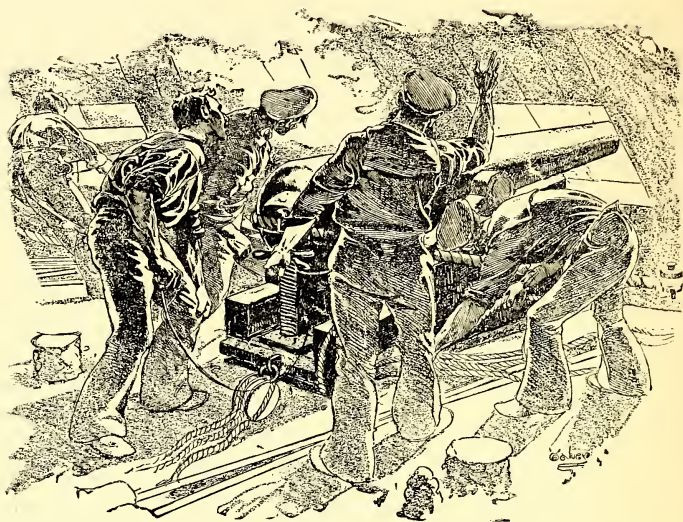
On the *Merrimac* all was elation. The crew had slept and rested and eaten; they had achieved a magnificent victory, and came out only to complete the success that was already, they thought, secure. They saw the little *Monitor* covering and protecting with her diminutive proportions the mighty *Minnesota*, and had no fear of the result.

Worden made at once for the enemy's fleet, so as to attack them at as great a distance as possible from the *Minnesota*. As he approached, with one or two shots he drove the wooden vessels at once out of range. Then, to the astonishment of all the spectators on the ships around and on both shores, the tiny *Monitor* laid herself directly alongside the *Merrimac* and stopped her engines; the port-hole was opened, the gun was run out, and the dwarf attacked the monster. But the *Merrimac* was ready. Gun after gun was returned by her rapid broadsides, now only sixty yards away. The *Merrimac* had ten guns to the *Monitor's* two,

and the tower and deck and pilot-house of the pigmy were struck again and again. But though the shots struck, they only made indentations; the armor was proof; and, more than all, the turret worked and turned, so that the gunners could reply to the fire they received. When this was certain, the crew felt reassured; for it was plain that the results of yesterday could not be renewed. The *Merrimac* had found an antagonist. The *Monitor* was no longer an experiment. To the spectators the shots of the Confederate vessel seemed to have no more effect than so many pebbles thrown by a child.

The battle, when once begun, went on without intermission. Finding she could accomplish nothing with the *Monitor*, the *Merrimac* turned upon the wooden ships, and put an enormous shot into the *Minnesota*, tearing four rooms into one, and setting the ship on fire. The fire was quickly extinguished, and the *Minnesota* replied with a broadside that would have blown out of water any wooden ship in the world; but the *Merrimac* was unharmed. It seemed like magic, and in other days would doubtless have been considered the effect of wicked enchantment. Fifty solid shot struck on the slanting sides without any ap-

parent result. The *Merrimac* fired three times, in return, at the *Minnesota*, and would soon have destroyed her, but the little *Monitor* came dancing down to the rescue, placing herself directly be-



ON BOARD THE "MERRIMAC"—A SHOT AT THE "TIN CAN ON A SHINGLE"

tween the two huge crafts, and compelled the *Merrimac* to change her position.

While the ships were alongside, the commander of the *Merrimac* called for men to board the *Monitor* and overwhelm her by numbers, but the little thing was beyond reach before his command could be obeyed.

About noon the crisis of the battle occurred. The Confederates determined to direct their attack on the pilot-house of their enemy, and when the little craft was only ten yards away they sent one shell full against the sight-hole of the *Monitor*. In exploding, it tore off the top of the pilot-house, and wounded the gallant commander. Worden was blinded with the powder, and for a moment stunned. He supposed that all was lost, for the sudden glare of light that poured in on his injured eyes from the opening made him think the pilot-house absolutely destroyed. He gave orders to move off, and sent for Greene. The young officer found his chief bleeding, blind, and disabled, and the vessel apparently at the mercy of the enemy. He led the wounded man to his cabin, and then the boy assumed command.

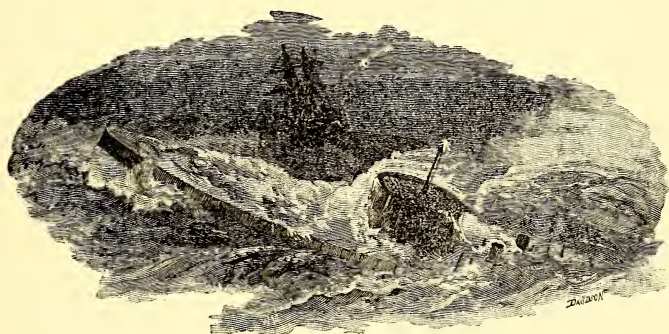
The heroic Worden believed himself mortally hurt, but he asked, in his agony: "Is the *Minnesota* safe?" When assured of this, he exclaimed: "Then I can die happy."¹

¹ The description of Worden's catastrophe is necessarily taken from Lieutenant Greene's graphic and eloquent paper in the "Century Magazine" for March, 1885,—the only possible authority. It is unnecessary to say that an account of a battle written by one who was not a participant or an eye-witness must, to be correct, be a compilation from the reports of those who were actually present. As for Greene, he wrote almost as well as he fought.

When Greene returned to the pilot-house he found the steering apparatus perfect, but the *Monitor* had been drifting about without guidance. Twenty minutes elapsed from the time of the shock before it was determined what course to pursue, and meanwhile the *Merrimac* had withdrawn. She was leaking badly, her engines would hardly work, and though doubtless she might have continued the fight, it was evident that she could accomplish nothing against her dwarf antagonist, that was able, preposterous as it seems, to defend the entire Northern fleet. Neither adversary had been able to destroy the other. The *Monitor* was now near shallow water where the *Merrimac* could not follow, and at two o'clock the great battery returned to Sewell's Point, completely foiled in her object by Ericsson's little machine. The *Monitor* fired a few shots but did not follow.

It required a month to repair the damages the *Merrimac* had received, and on the 11th of April, followed by six gun-boats, she came into the Roads again. The *Monitor* was in sight with the Union fleet, but her orders were positive not to bring on an engagement in the shallows, where the wooden vessels would be unable to manœuver, and the

Merrimac returned without a battle. This proceeding was repeated a few days later; the *Merrimac* steamed out and then returned. Neither side had another iron-clad, and neither wished to risk the destruction of the craft that protected so vast a stake. Thus the *Monitor* stayed the course of the *Merrimac* and prevented all the great results that were hoped by one side and feared by the other. For a while the issue of the war seemed to depend on the little champion, and she stood her ground. It was like the nursery stories in which the dwarf beat off the giant and saved the land.



ELEANOR'S COLONEL

BY ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON

ELEANOR FAIRFAX lived in the Shenandoah Valley, one of the most beautiful parts of Virginia.

Her home was the prettiest rose-covered cottage in a small village, and here her young mother lived, with only Mammy 'Liza, the old colored nurse, to help her take care of the household.

Eleanor's father had gone off to the war with the Southern soldiers, and Mammy 'Liza's husband, Uncle Reuben, had gone, too, "to take care of young marstuh," he said.

As yet, no Northern soldiers had been seen in the town, and Eleanor and her little friends often paused in their games to wonder what these soldiers were like, and whether they would ever really come.

Eleanor was the eldest of three children, and often her mother would take her in her arms and talk long and seriously.

"You must help mother," she would say tenderly, "father has gone, and mother has no one but Eleanor to help her."

"Father is a Secesh,¹ is n't he?" said Eleanor, slowly, one day, when they were talking.

"Yes, father is a Secesh," answered the mother, smiling.

"And you are a Secesh?" continued the little questioner.

"Yes, of course; I am whatever father is."

"Then I am a Secesh, too—a great big Secesh," exclaimed the little girl, sturdily. "I 'd like to be a soldier, too, like father."

"Well, a soldier must be loyal to his colors. That means he must be true and always keep his word. Even if the enemy should come and want to shoot him for it, that should make no difference to a really brave man, and he must always tell the truth, no matter what it costs."

Eleanor looked very solemn as her mother said this, and exclaimed: "I 'm not a coward, mother. If the Yankees came, I would n't be afraid one bit. I 'd tell them right out I was a Secesh, and I 'd try to get them to let you and little sister and Edward go free, and just take me."

¹ Then a popular abbreviation for "secessionist."

Tears came to the mother's eyes, though she laughed as she caught the small soldier to her breast. "Oh, there's no danger of that, darling," she said. "If the Yankees came they would n't want such a little rebel as you."

It was only the next week that the Yankees came, sure enough, and pitched their tents in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, just on the edge of the little town.

This caused great excitement, for no one knew why the soldiers had come, whether there was to be a battle, or what was to happen. Even the children shared in the general feeling of anxiety and unrest. They had been in the habit of visiting each other freely, and of playing upon the beautiful green spaces between the houses; but now they were kept closely within doors, lest, as they thought to themselves, they should be captured by the Yankees and carried off to prison.

But several days passed by, nothing terrible happened, the soldiers had done no harm to any one, and the citizens began to feel more comfortable, and the children to return to their usual occupations and pleasures. Day by day, in their games upon the meadow, they came nearer and nearer to the Federal camp. They watched

eagerly all the movements of the soldiers, and one day a half-dozen of the most daring among them decided to go nearer still, "just to see what the 'bluecoats' look like," they said to one another.

The youngest of the group was Eleanor. She looked very serious, as if her little heart was burdened with matters of great importance. She may have been thinking that the time of trial had come—that if she saw the terrible Yankees she might tell them her father had gone to fight them, and that if they wanted anybody, they must take her, and let nothing hurt her dear mother, baby sister, and little Edward.

Anyway, she was one of the band of children, and they approached with quick-beating hearts the Federal camp, which was only a few hundred yards distant.

As they neared the place they saw a group of soldiers out in front of the tents, and one of the number, the colonel, called out cheerily: "Come on, little people; I 'm glad to see you."

At this the children looked much startled. Two of the number took fright and beat a most inglorious retreat. Only four obeyed his summons. These came somewhat reluctantly, and stood be-

fore him, silent, and with anxious eyes lifted to his face.

The colonel began to talk to them, and at last said he wanted to know whether they were rebels or Yankees—whether they were on his side or were for Jeff Davis.

The children were speechless, and turned to one another with wondering faces. But he continued: "Now, I 'll tell you what I 'll do: I 'll make a very nice present to the little girl who gives me the best answer to that question."

With a common impulse, the children drew back and began with great excitement to talk to one another.

"What 's he going to do with us?" asked one.

"Maybe shoot us," answered a little girl, shivering, "unless we say we 're for the Yankees."

"But that would be a story!" exclaimed Eleanor, hotly. "We 're not for the Yankees, and you know it!"

"I 'd rather be for the Yankees than be shot," said little Eunice Clarke, looking frightened.

At this moment the colonel called them: "Come on; I 'm ready for your answers."

A group of soldiers had gathered about him,

attracted by the unusual scene, and the children looked fearfully at the "bluecoats."

Eunice happened to be in front of the group. "Well, my little girl," asked the colonel, "what are your sentiments? Whom are you for?"

"I—I 'm for the Yankees, sir!" she said in an almost inaudible tone.

The colonel smiled and asked the next in line.

"If you won't shoot me, I 'll be a Yankee for—for a little while," she answered, twisting the corner of her apron.

"And you?" was asked of the next; but the child covered her face with her hands and said nothing.

Only Eleanor was left. She took a step toward the colonel. Her sunbonnet had fallen back, and her tangled brown curls were blown by the summer breeze.

"And you, my little lady, whom are you for? The Yankees?" he asked.

Eleanor lifted her brown eyes with a flash to his face, while her cheeks glowed, and her lips, though they quivered a moment, parted, as she cried, stamping her little foot:

"No, no! I 'm a Secesh. I 'll live a Secesh,

and I 'll die a Secesh. That 's what I am. Now, if you want to, take me and shoot me!"

The men gave a loud cheer. "Hurrah for the little Secesh! Hurrah for the brave little Secesh!" they cried.

"Hurrah for the little heroine!" exclaimed the colonel. "That 's what she is—a little trump of a girl who 's not afraid to tell the truth. She 's a dear, loyal little rebel!"

Then he caught her in his arms, lifted her to his shoulder, and, followed by the other children, carried her into the town to a shop, where, sure enough, he selected for her a beautiful gift.

"Just look!" said Eunice Clarke, with wide-open eyes. "That 's what she got for telling the truth. Just look! I don't believe I 'll be afraid next time."

After this the colonel took Eleanor to her own gate, and left her, saying tenderly, as he held her hand at parting: "I hope, my dear little rebel, you will always be as true as you have been to-day." Then he kissed her and went back to camp.

This one colonel had in a sense captured the entire town, and for years the children talked about him, until he became their favorite hero. They called him always "Eleanor's Colonel."

LIEUTENANT HARRY

(An Episode of the War of the Rebellion)

BY THOMAS EDWIN TURNER

AT the close of a cold, dreary day in the winter of 1861-62, a boy, thirteen years old, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant, and riding a high-mettled dapple-gray pony, was making his way rapidly toward the Federal headquarters which were then situated at Tipton, Missouri.

The boy was followed by a mounted orderly. On reaching his destination, Harry, for so we may call him, dismounted, threw his bridle-rein to the orderly, and rushed into the house, almost overturning a guard placed at its main door. Making a dash at a smaller door to the right of a spacious hall, he flung it open, and, with snapping eyes, glowing cheeks, breathless from rapid movement, was in the presence of the commander of the First Division of the West, and exclaimed:

“Let me go, father; please do!”

"Let you go where?" the boy's father asked.

"I don't know where," the son answered; "but I heard out at camp you were going to send Major Gray and his company of cavalry somewhere to-night, and *I* want to go with them. I am not a baby. All the men in our command say I can ride any horse, in or out of it; and I stood the march toward Springfield when a lot of officers and men gave out. It was all day and all night work for sixty hours, with hardly one hour's rest in six."

And here the lad, who had been talking very fast, and with great earnestness, appealed to his sire, who smilingly replied:

"Soldiers should not boast, my boy. I have concluded to send you with Major Gray to-night. More than that, I shall place *you* in command."

"Hooray for—thank you, sir!" he cried; "but where are we to go?"

"That I will tell you in two hours, when you report with your command for orders. Major Gray and his company are to be here at eight o'clock. So go back to camp, and prepare for your journey. Use a fresh mount. You had better ride my brown mare."

“Yes, father”; and the boy hastened away to make preparations for the great undertaking.

While he is so engaged, as you may be curious to know, I will tell you how this mere child came to be in the army instead of in school with other patriots of his own age.

After the father became colonel of his regiment, his physician, who was chosen surgeon of the same regiment, expressed the opinion that it might benefit the poor health of the colonel's son if the latter was permitted to accompany his father to the South. It was decided to follow the good doctor's advice, and the result was all that could be desired; for Harry, now the picture of health, served as a member of staff, performing the duties devolving upon a staff-officer, although not sworn into the service, and, of course, not receiving government pay.

At eight o'clock in the evening of this red-letter day in the life of our hero, a company of cavalry was drawn up in line before the headquarters in Tipton. Its commander, Major Gray, was in conference with his chief, within doors, while the young lieutenant, wrapped in the regulation army-overcoat, and mounted on a large

brown horse of great speed, occupied a position at the head of the line of cavalry.

The major, accompanied by General T——, soon came from the house. Approaching the boy, the general said:

“With Major Gray’s consent, I put you in command of this expedition. You are to go to Versailles, reaching there as near the break of day as possible. Post men on all roads entering the town, to prevent escape of the enemy out of it, and to warn you of his approach. Search each house in Versailles, and bring in any men bearing arms against us, or concealing themselves. Whatever you do, keep near Major Gray, and when in doubt be guided by him.”

Here the speaker and the major exchanged significant glances. Then the general turned away, saying:

“I wish you a speedy and successful journey. Good night, sir.” And answering the salute received as he ended his instructions, he was soon within the house again.

For some reason or other, now that the boy was fairly in for it, his courage and confidence began to desert him. An hour before it seemed easy enough, a simple thing, to manœuvre a whole

division. *Now* he did n't know what to do with a single company. He knew he ought to be off, but how to move that company of men floored him. Something must be done. So he shouted in desperation: "Left wheel! by twos! Forward, march!" uncertain whether those were the proper orders to bring about the movement he desired. Right or wrong, the words started his little command in the right direction, and this success set self-confidence on its legs again.

As he was the only one of the entire party who had ever been over the road from Tipton to Versailles, Major Gray informed him this was the reason for his being sent in command of the little force that was to find it. He had only once been in Versailles, and the journey there was made during daylight, with a large detachment of his father's division. And having paid no particular attention to the route, the truth was he knew little about it. And now the snow began to fall quietly, steadily, as if it meant to continue a long time, soon covering the earth with a fleecy robe that reflected just light enough to reveal how deep the gloom had been without it.

A little after eleven o'clock, however, chancing to glance far ahead, Harry saw something that

made him regret he was acting in the capacity of leader. What his eyes fell upon that caused this disturbance of mind were simply: "Forks ahead!" where the road they were on branched off into three prongs, going in as many different directions. What should he do? For, to confess the truth, he did not know which of the three branches was the proper one to take in order to reach Versailles. Riding close at Major Gray's side, rising in his stirrups, and leaning as far toward his companion as the position permitted, the lad in a low tone said:

"Major Gray, I don't know which of those three roads we ought to take; but have mercy on me, and don't tell your lieutenants or the men!"

"You don't know the road?" the major answered. "Try to remember the way you went going down here before."

"I can't; for I fail even to remember ever seeing the forks before," said the boy.

By this time the forks were reached, and in a moment the little band was at a standstill, and the kind-hearted major said in a low, clear voice that reached every ear in the troop:

"We know one of these roads will take us to Versailles, but another may be more direct, so we



“ MAJOR GRAY, WITH THE BUTT OF A NAVY REVOLVER, RAPPED VIGOROUSLY UPON THE DOOR ”

will try to get information or a guide from the cabins yonder. Wait here until Lieutenant Thorn and I return."

Now "Lieutenant Thorn," as our hero was called, had seen no sign of any habitation, but the major's keen eyes had caught a glimpse of three or four rude log huts a little distance down the road that led off to the left. Approaching one of the cabins, Major Gray, with the butt of a navy revolver, rapped vigorously upon its door of split logs. A voice inside the cabin cried:

"Who 's thar?"

"Officers of the army," shouted the major.

"Which side be you uns on?"

"On the outside!" returned the matter-of-fact major.

"That 's enough. Ye 're Yanks," said the first speaker. "Now what do you uns want?"

"A guide to Versailles; we want one quick," was the answer.

"If you uns want to get to Versailles, take that right-hand track."

"No, you don't," shouted the major; "you must come with us. So stop talking, and come out of there in short order."

And in a few moments a door in the rear was opened, and a voice cried:

“Come on; I will go with you uns.”

They came upon a boy seemingly about sixteen years of age, who, as they reached him, closed the door in which he had been standing awaiting the coming of the two officers. The latter saw that tracks had been made through the snow from the dwelling-house to the buildings back of it. So the major's first words to the boy were:

“Who left this cabin while I was talking to your father?”

“No one, stranger,” was the boy's answer.

“How came those tracks in the snow, then?” he was sternly asked.

“Oh! when you uns first came up, dad was certain you uns was after the stock, and he sent me out, quietly like, to slip their halters and let 'em take for the bush.”

There was nothing to do but accept the explanation, hoping, yet doubting, it was true.

In a short time the guide caught, saddled, and bridled a long-haired, hungry-looking brute, and mounting it, he followed the major and his young companion to the spot where the company of cavalry awaited them.

The major hurriedly explained to his officers, and turning to the guide, said: "See here, young man; I want you to take us to Versailles by the most direct road you know. If you do so you will be paid for your time and trouble; but if you play us false I will have you shot. Now, if you understand me, lead on."

The person so addressed turned his horse's head down the road leading to the right, Major Gray and the young lieutenant riding one on each side of him. With the two other officers directly behind them, closely followed by their men, the march was resumed.

It was now midnight, and the little band rode silently onward, scarce a word being spoken. The young guide appeared to act in good faith, and led the way without hesitation.

All things must end, sooner or later, even Missouri roads and hours of snow and rain. As the welcome break of storm and day came to warm and cheer the cold and weary horsemen, Versailles appeared in the distance. As soon as Harry saw the village, he tightened his bridle-rein, struck his spurs into his horse, and with as ferocious a yell as he could command, dashed far ahead of his comrades and into the Southern

town. He dropped one of his reins, and lost his cap, but that was picked up by one of the men and restored. As he shot past one of its suburban dwellings, a window was thrown up with a crash, and a man hurriedly thrust out a rifle, and discharged it. The boy heard something flying behind and beyond him, singing *zip!* and at the same moment Major Gray roared, "Don't shoot! It is only a boy!" And then turning short around a corner, our young lieutenant was soon in the public square of Versailles, surrounded by his companions.

In the center of this area was, of course, the court-house, the pride of law-abiding citizens. This building was surrounded by a low railing that bore the initials of many a whittler. To this railing three horses were hitched, saddled and bridled. Standing in front of a store were a dozen men and boys.

At Major Gray's suggestion, the young lieutenant ordered the men to form a line facing their captors, and surrender their arms to him. The first command being speedily obeyed, our hero rode up to each prisoner and obtained his weapons, and a strange collection was made.

Among the captives were three who were evi-

“ WITH AS FEROCIOUS A YELL AS HE COULD COMMAND, HARRY DASHED FAR AHEAD OF HIS COMRADES ”



dently soldiers of the Southern army. On being questioned, these men admitted that they belonged to General Price's army, but would divulge neither their rank nor names. One of them appeared to be an educated man and a gentleman. His demeanor was cool, haughty, and fearless. He seemed ashamed of the cringing, frightened condition of most of his companions.

Major Gray then detailed parties of three to search for men and arms in the houses of the town. Harry claimed, and his claim was granted, the right to lead one of these parties.

As he was setting out to perform his self-imposed duty, Major Gray said to him:

"During your absence I shall be at the hotel, where I intend to have our party take breakfast. I shall ask the three Southern soldiers to be our guests, as I am confident one of them at least is an officer of no mean grade. So join me there when you have made your search."

Feeling that already he had displayed generalship to be favorably compared with Napoleon's crossing the Alps, the young lieutenant, with his two men, a sergeant and a corporal, prepared to carry by storm or strategy the only castle known

in America—the dwelling-house of one of her citizens.

I have not time to tell you of the exploration the lieutenant and his men made in that house. It is a story by itself. But explore it they did, most thoroughly.

Soon after the little search-party left the house and went back to the hotel, where the leader asked Major Gray to appoint another to fill his place, saying: “I guess I can serve my country better here, Major, than poking over other people’s houses.”

The major laughingly agreed with this sage decision, and at the same time complied with the boy’s request.

When the search-parties had finished their duties and returned to the hotel, reporting that no concealed men or arms had been found, preparations for the return to Tipton were made. It was decided to retain as prisoners only the three men known to be Confederate soldiers.

The prisoners occupied a position in the center of the company. There was something about the most distinguished-looking of the three that greatly attracted our hero, and from time to time he would ride for a moment or two at the former’s

side. The boy, too, seemed to interest and amuse the captive, who at length, calling to Major Gray, asked if there was any objection to the boy's remaining at his side during the journey. Being answered in the negative, the two became traveling companions.

It did not take long for the Southerner to draw from our hero his whole story. But while seemingly doing his share of the talking, he gave his young companion very little information about himself.

As the afternoon wore away, and the shadows grew longer and longer, the cold began to make itself felt. The young lieutenant's new friend drew about him a short gray cloak that at the time of his capture in the morning was hanging on the pommel of his saddle, where he had thrown it while he left his horse fastened to the railing in front of the court-house. Something heavy in this cloak, as he threw it about him, struck his horse's shoulder with a dull sound. The boy quickly looked up into his companion's face. For a moment the unknown prisoner seemed buried in deep thought. Then, turning to the lad, he said:

"Lieutenant, did you secure *all* of our weapons this morning?"

"All you had about you *then*," was the answer.

The prisoner smiled, and continued: "I want to give you something to keep for me until the fortunes of war bring it back to my hand. You must not lose it, must not give it away, and you must keep it about your own person while in the army. Will you do this?"

The boy promised.

Whereupon the prisoner drew from a deep pocket in the lining of his gray cloak the most beautifully chased silver-mounted revolver one can imagine. Handing it to the young lieutenant, its owner said:

"Be sure I shall some day take it back again."

The boy, delighted beyond expression at his gift, made no reply beyond a simple "Thank you"; but added mentally, "No, you won't take it back. I'll keep it to show the boys at home—the beauty!"

The tired little force was now approaching Tipton. As the young lieutenant's friend saw houses in the distance, he said:

"You will soon be with your father again, and I for one am glad of it. Some one *did* leave the cabin you stopped at last night. It was the elder

brother of your guide. He went straight to Versailles after escaping from the house, reaching there an hour before you did. He warned those to fly whose capture by you and your men would have hurt our army more than I dare tell you. While you were searching houses, I sent the guide that brought you to Versailles to hurry up certain men of ours, not far off, to our rescue. I am glad you did not change your road or stop at the house of any of our friends for refreshment; for if that had been done you would be the prisoner now. My boy, I am glad, for *your* sake only, that we have reached Tipton without bloodshed. Remember, I shall recover my revolver from you. Enjoy it while you can. Good-by, good-by." And shaking the lad's hand warmly, with a kind, sad smile softening the hard lines in his face, he turned away. Harry never spoke to him again. Resuming his position at Major Gray's side, the company, with jingling sabers and clinking curb-chains, trotted up to the headquarters.

In a moment our hero, with his arms full of trophies, was in his father's room.

"See, see," the boy cried, "what I have captured, and a lot more outside! There are three prisoners and three horses. One of the men is

a general, I am sure. He gave me a revolver for myself. And I say, father, may I keep it?"

But by this time Major Gray came to his relief, and gave a hurried report of their journey. The general directed that the prisoners be taken to camp and placed under guard, promising to talk with his son's friend in the morning. He intimated that the three men would be at once sent to St. Louis for safe keeping. Harry was invited to spend the night in his father's quarters, but declined, preferring to go to camp along with his company. So after obtaining permission to keep the silver-mounted revolver, the young lieutenant joined the company on their way to camp. Ere long the camp was reached, and our young lieutenant sought his tent, where a supper of hot coffee, with bacon, beans, and hardtack, was soon placed before him by his friend and orderly, George. Harry related to the soldier his wonderful adventures, and, I can promise you, they lost nothing in the telling. He displayed with pride the handsome revolver, and intimated that his friend the donor would be very wide awake if he ever got it back again.

Shortly after supper the young officer concluded to turn in, and made his way to the cot in

a corner of his tent, glad to lay his tired body between the warm blue blankets. Partly as a precaution, but mainly that he might see it first thing in the morning, he placed the unknown's gift beneath his pillow, and quickly glided into dream-land. Having reached that mysterious world, it was not surprising that he should dream. Dream he did, and most fantastically.

The sun was shining brightly when the boy awoke. He put his hand under his pillow to draw forth his revolver, that he might feast his eyes upon it. It was *not* there! Springing from his bed, he hurriedly dressed, and ran to the guards charged with the security of the three prisoners. Asking the sentinel on duty for his new-found friend, he was reassured by a nod of the soldier's head toward the prisoners' tent, a few feet distant. Approaching it, our hero thrust head and shoulders through one of the apertures between the loops holding its flaps closely together, and saw *two* prisoners calmly sleeping. *The rider of the sorrel horse, the owner of the fine revolver, the friend of yesterday, was not there!*

The young lieutenant never saw again the unknown prisoner, never saw again the silver-mounted revolver.

A STORY OF FARRAGUT

BY CHARLES H. BODDER

ON the night of the 14th of March, 1863, Admiral Farragut had planned to pass the batteries of Port Hudson, on the Mississippi; to clear the river of all fortifications between Port Hudson and Vicksburg; to blockade the Red River; and, with a portion of his fleet, to co-operate with Grant at Vicksburg.

The vessels which were to pass these fortifications were the sloop-of-war *Hartford*, the frigate *Mississippi*, the sloop-of-war *Richmond*, and the gunboats *Albatross* and *Genesee*.

The batteries of Port Hudson were situated on a high bluff, and erected to operate against land and naval forces. They were five in number, mounting from one to three heavy siege-guns each, and were arranged in the form of a crescent.

It was planned that the shipping should make the attack at night, and pass the batteries; and,

as soon as this was accomplished, the army in the rear of Port Hudson, under the command of General Banks, was to make an assault upon the Confederate works in the rear.

The senior commanding officer, next to Farragut, was Captain James Alden, of the United States sloop-of-war *Richmond*.

The United States sloop-of-war *Hartford* was the flag-ship of the fleet; but when the Admiral was on any other vessel, his flag was hoisted on that vessel during his stay on board, and she would be considered as the flag-ship.

The naval attack on that night proved in a measure disastrous to us.

The *Hartford* led the van with the *Albatross* lashed to her side; next came the *Mississippi*, followed by the *Richmond*, with the *Genesee* lashed to her side.

The batteries were situated on the right-hand side, ascending the river, and the gunboats were lashed to the port (or left-hand) sides of the sloops-of-war as they went up the river.

On the *Richmond* was a boy who, from his keenness of sight, agility, and mischievousness, had earned for himself the title of "Monkey," which was shortened to "Monk." He was a

general favorite among officers and men, and his position, as signal-boy, brought him in close contact with the senior officers, as the station to which he was assigned in action was abaft, on the poop deck.

The night of the attack was a dark night, and the current was running at the rate of about eight miles an hour; against this current the vessels had to make their way. The batteries extended for a distance of four miles.

The *Hartford* succeeded in passing and getting above the fortifications, with the gunboat *Albatross*. The *Richmond* had passed all except the upper battery; but as she was turning the point above, a plunging shot from one of the lower batteries struck her, cutting one of her steam pipes, which rendered her helpless. The *Genesee*, the vessel lashed alongside of her, also becoming disabled, they were prevented from proceeding further up the river, and both vessels had to drift at the mercy of the current, and were exposed to the deadly fire from all the batteries.

The Confederates had, in the beginning of the assault, built large fires on the bluff, which enabled them to see the shipping plainly, but confused the sight of the gunners on the ships.

The *Mississippi* ran aground opposite the third battery and became a helpless target for the enemy. She was set on fire by the Confederate shells, which compelled her officers and crew to abandon her. Toward daylight she floated off, and drifted down the river all ablaze, with her guns going off from the intense heat, and throwing their shells in every direction. She finally blew up six miles below Port Hudson, and what remained of her wreck sank beneath the waters of her namesake.

The *Richmond* and *Genesee* floated down the river, taking up the positions they occupied previous to the engagement. They lowered their boats and sent them out to row about and pick up any officers and men who might luckily have escaped from the ill-fated *Mississippi*.

The lower fleet, under the command of Captain James Alden of the *Richmond*, in coöperation with the army, kept Port Hudson under siege until it was compelled to surrender on the 7th day of July following.

During the interval between the naval attack and the surrender of Port Hudson, Admiral Farragut had succeeded in blockading the Red River, and destroying all fortifications of any note be-

tween Port Hudson and Vicksburg. Leaving the *Hartford* and the *Albatross* to hold the position they had gained, he himself returned, by land, to the lower fleet at Port Hudson, which consisted of the *Richmond*, the gunboats *Monongahela*, *Keneo*, and *Genesee*, and four mortar-schooners.

During the time of the siege the Admiral chose the *Richmond* for his flag-ship.

One afternoon during the month of June, the Admiral came up from dinner from the captain's cabin, and ascended the ladder to the poop deck, where he found the boy Monk on watch.

One of the duties of the signal-boy was to be on the lookout with a spy-glass to report anything new that he might observe.

"Have you noticed anything new up there?" said the Admiral, addressing the boy, at the same time reaching out for the spy-glass. Monk handed him the glass, touching his cap in salutation.

"Yes, sir," answered Monk; "just above the citadel" (the citadel was the first battery, containing two heavy siege-guns, and commanding the approach from the river) "I noticed the edge of a new earthwork."



ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY

"When did you first notice it?" asked the Admiral.

"This morning, sir," replied Monk, "but as I was not certain that it amounted to anything, I thought I would wait and see if it grew any larger before I reported it. It has grown quite considerably during the last hour; I was about to report it just as you came up, sir."

"Take the glass," said the Admiral, handing it back to him, "and look carefully."

The boy looked at the earthwork, and then, addressing the Admiral, said, "They are digging there. I can see when they throw the dirt, but I cannot see the men."

The Admiral again took the glass, and after a moment's scrutiny, lowered it, and looking kindly on the boy, said, "You have very keen sight, my lad; I can see the new earth myself, but cannot distinguish the operation."

At this moment Captain Alden joined the Admiral.

"Alden," said the Admiral, "this youngster has sharp eyes."

"Yes," answered the captain, "there is not a man or boy on board whose eyesight is as keen

and as far-reaching as his. I have known him to distinguish the different colors of lights at sea when all others failed to do so."

"He has discovered a new earthwork in preparation up there among the batteries," said the Admiral.

"Where?" asked the captain, with eagerness, and addressing himself to Monk.

"Just beyond the citadel, sir," said Monk.

"Suppose we go up and see what it is," said the Admiral.

"With pleasure," replied Captain Alden.

"Mr. Boyd," said the captain to the officer of the deck, "have Mr. Terry come on deck." Mr. Terry was the executive officer.

"Mr. Terry," said the captain, "beat to quarters, and stand by to slip the cable. Man the starboard battery."

"Ay, ay, sir."

In a moment, the drum and fife were heard; then there was the usual rush of the officers and men hither and thither to reach their stations, and the noise of casting loose the guns, placing the handspikes in their positions, and the unshackling of the cable. After which came a sudden stillness.

Everything being in preparation, the executive officer saluted the captain, and said:

“To quarters, and all ready for slipping, sir.”

“Slip cable, sir,” ordered the captain.

“One bell, sir,” said Mr. Terry, addressing the engineer. One bell is the signal for starting the engine slowly.

At the starting of the engine, the ship moved forward just enough to hold her own against the current.

“Slip the cable,” came the order from the executive officer to the forward officer.

The cable was slipped, and the moment the ship was freed from her moorings, the executive officer ordered the engineer to give her four bells, which means, “Go ahead at full speed.”

Captain Alden and the executive officer went forward and occupied the bridge amidships, leaving the Admiral and the boy Monk the only occupants of the poop deck.

As the ship approached the batteries, she was greeted with a shot from one of the upper batteries, which fell short of its mark; the Admiral was standing on the rail of the poop deck, and he was holding on to the awning-rope to steady himself.

Monk was standing by him on the deck, looking through the spy-glass at the batteries we were approaching. A puff of smoke came from the upper battery, and Monk, lowering the glass, said, "Admiral, here comes the Lady Davis."

In the upper battery was an 84-pound rifled gun, which we in the fleet had nicknamed the "Lady Davis." This gun had the longest range of all the guns in the Confederate fortifications.

In a few seconds the report of the gun was heard, followed by a terrific shrieking of the shell; so certain did it seem to Monk, from the fast approaching sound, that the shell would strike the ship near him, that he dropped to the deck, taking shelter under the rail.

He was not much mistaken in his judgment. The shell struck the water directly beneath where the Admiral and he were. It sent up a column of water which nearly deluged both the Admiral and Monk. But this did not visibly cause the least movement on the part of the Admiral, or the slightest change in his countenance excepting a slight smile.

There was one thing that Admiral Farragut was never known to do, and that was to bow his head to a shot, no matter how near it came to him.



"THE SHELL SENT UP A COLUMN OF WATER WHICH NEARLY DELUGED
BOTH THE ADMIRAL AND MONK"

The Admiral, turning, said to Monk:

"Why did you lie down?"

"I thought," answered Monk, "that the shot was going to strike us—"

"Well, suppose it had?" asked the Admiral. "Would n't it have struck you just the same whether you were lying down or standing up?"

"It might, sir," said Monk. "But I am a little higher when I am standing up, and it would have had more chances to hit me."

Some officers of the fleet had circulated among the men the idea that when the sound of a shot or shell was heard in the air, the missile had passed.

"They won't fool me any more by saying the shot has passed when you hear the sound," muttered Monk in an undertone.

"No, not very well, after this," said the Admiral, smiling.

On regaining his feet, Monk saw a slight tinge in the cheeks of the Admiral, and perceived also that his lips were compressed with a determined expression. He heard Farragut say, just above a whisper: "Well, I will pay them for that shot."

"You go," said the Admiral, addressing Monk, "and tell Captain Alden to man both batteries; and go up within range of the upper battery, and

give it a broadside from our starboard battery; and then turn, and give it a broadside from our port battery!"

This message Monk quickly delivered.

On proceeding up the river, it was found that the enemy had mounted four guns, and were preparing to mount others.

They opened fire from this new battery. The fire was returned from the starboard battery, which completely demolished the whole earth-work, guns and all. Then, bringing the starboard guns to bear on the upper battery, the ship gave that a broadside, and turning, repeated the broadside with the port battery, as the Admiral had ordered. Then we returned down the river to our old anchorage.

A few days after, some of our men ashore took a negro prisoner, and brought him on board of our ship. On the evening following this capture, Monk finding the darky, whose name was Cato, forward among the men, the following dialogue ensued:

"Say, Cato, how long were you in Port Hudson?"

"I was dar 'bout free mon's."

"What did you do up there?"

"I cooked fer de of'cers."

"What were you doing when caught?"

"Bress my soul, honey, Ah was a-fishin'."

"Did you have time up there to go fishing?"

"Ah had ter ketch fish, honey, or dey would n't er had nuffin' for to eat."

"Did n't you have any bread and meat?"

"We use' ter have; afore dat day w'en dis ship cum up dar, fightin' us."

"Did many of them get hurt that day?"

"Umph, umph, honey, dat dey did!"

"Say, Cato, what 's the matter with that big rifled gun, up there? I have n't heard it for some days."

"He, he, he!" laughed the negro. "W'y, dat same day one o' de shot from dis ship knocked de muzzle off!"

"Well," said Monk, just before he dropped asleep that night. "The Admiral did pay them back for that shot!"

A DRUMMER-BOY AT GETTYSBURG¹

ON the 12th of June, 1863, my journal says: "Very warm, dust plenty, water scarce, marching very hard. Halted at dusk at an excellent spring, and lay down for the night with aching limbs and blistered feet."

On the 14th we were racing with the enemy—we being pushed on to the utmost of human endurance—for the possession of the defenses of Washington. From five o'clock of that morning till three the following morning,—that is to say, from daylight to daylight,—we were hurried along under a burning June sun, with no halt longer than sufficient to recruit our strength with a hasty cup of coffee at noon and nightfall. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock at night, and still on! It was almost more than flesh could endure. Men fell out of line in the darkness by the score, and tumbled over by the road-side, asleep almost before they touched the ground.

¹ From "Recollections of a Drummer-Boy."

Now comes a long rest of a week in the woods near the Potomac, for we have been marching parallel with the enemy, and dare not go too fast, lest by some sudden and dexterous move in the game he should sweep past our rear in upon the defenses of Washington. And after this sweet refreshment, we cross the Potomac on pontoons, and march, perhaps with a lighter step, since we are nearing home, through the smiling fields and pleasant villages of "Maryland, my Maryland." At Poolesville, a little town on the north bank of the Potomac, we smile as we see a lot of children come trooping out of the village school,—a merry sight to men who have seen neither woman nor child these six months and more, and a touching sight to many a man in the ranks as he thinks of his little flaxen-heads in the far-away home. Aye, think of them now and think of them full tenderly, for many a man of you shall never have child climb on his knee any more!

As we enter one of these pleasant little Maryland villages, we find on the outskirts of the place two young ladies and two young gentlemen waving the good old flag as we pass, and singing "Rally round the Flag, Boys." The excitement along the line is intense. Cheer on cheer is given

by regiment after regiment as we pass along, we drummer-boys beating, at the Colonel's express orders, the old tune, "The Girl I left behind me," as a sort of response. Soon we are in among the hills again, and still the cheering goes on in the far distance to the rear.

Only ten days later we passed through the same village again, and were met by the same young ladies and gentlemen, waving the same flag and singing the same song. But though we tried twice, and tried hard, we could not cheer at all, for there 's a difference between five hundred men and one hundred—is there not? So, that second time, we drooped our tattered flags, and raised our caps in silent and sorrowful salute.

"Colonel, close up your men and move on as rapidly as possible."

It is the morning of July 1st, and we are crossing a bridge over a stream, as the Staff-officer, having delivered this order for us, dashes down the line to hurry up the regiments in the rear. We get up on a high range of hills, from which we have a magnificent view. The day is bright, the air is fresh and sweet, and the sun shines out of an almost cloudless sky, and as we gaze away off

yonder down the valley to the left—look! Do you see that? A puff of smoke in midair! Very small and miles away, as the faint and long-coming “boom” of the exploding shell indicates, but it means that something is going on yonder, away down in the valley, in which, perhaps, we may have a hand before the day is done. See! Another—and another! Faint and far away comes the long-delayed “boom!” “boom!” echoing over the hills, as the Staff-officer dashes along the lines with orders to “double-quick! double-quick!”

Four miles of almost constant double-quickening is no light work at any time, least of all on such a day as this memorable first day of July, for it is hot and dusty. But we are in our own State now, boys, and the battle is opening ahead, and it is no time to save breath. On we go, now up a hill, now over a stream, now checking our headlong rush for a moment, for we *must* breathe a little. But the word comes along the line again, “double-quick,” and we settle down to it with right goodwill, while the cannon ahead seem to be getting nearer and louder. There ’s little said in the ranks, for there is little breath for talking, though every man is busy enough thinking. We all feel, somehow, that our day has come at last—as indeed it has!

We get in through the outskirts of Gettysburg, tearing down the fences of the town lots and outlying gardens as we go; we pass a battery of brass guns drawn up beside the Seminary, some hundred yards in front of which building, in a strip of meadow-land, we halt, and rapidly form the line of battle.

“General, shall we unsling knapsacks?” shouts some one down the line to our Division-general, as he is dashing by.

“Never mind the knapsacks, boys; it ’s the State now!”

And he plunges his spurs up to the rowels in the flanks of his horse, as he takes the stake-and-rider fence at a leap and is away.

“Unfurl the flags, Color-guard!”

“Now, forward, double——”

“Colonel, we ’re not loaded yet!”

A laugh runs along the line as, at the command “Load at will—load!” the ramrods make their merry music, and at once the word is given, “Forward, double-quick!” and the line sweeps up that rising ground with banners gayly flying, and cheers that rend the air—a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten.

I suppose my boy-readers wonder what a drum-

AT CLOSE QUARTERS, ON THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG



mer-boy does in time of battle. Perhaps they have the same idea I used to have, namely, that it is the duty of a drummer-boy to beat his drum all the time the battle rages, to encourage the men or drown the groans of the wounded! But if they will reflect a moment, they will see that amid the confusion and noise of battle, there is little chance of martial music being either heard or heeded. Our Colonel had long ago given us our orders:

“You drummer-boys, in time of an engagement, are to lay aside your drums and take stretchers and help off the wounded. I expect you to do this, and you are to remember that, in doing it, you are just as much helping the battle on as if you were fighting with guns in your hands.”

And so we sit down there on our drums, and watch the line going in with cheers. Forthwith we get a smart shelling, for there is evidently somebody else watching that advancing line besides ourselves; but they have elevated their guns a little too much, so that every shell passes quite over the line and plows up the meadow-sod about *us* in all directions.

Laying aside our knapsacks, we go to the Seminary, now rapidly filling with the wounded. This

the enemy surely can not know, or they would n't shell the building so hard! We get stretchers at the ambulances, and start out for the line of battle. We can just see our regimental colors waving in the orchard, near a log-house about three hundred yards ahead, and we start out for it.

There is one of our batteries drawn up to our left a short distance as we run. It is engaged in a sharp artillery duel with one of the enemy's, which we can not see, although we can hear it plainly enough, and straight between the two our road lies. So, up we go, at a lively trot, dodging the shells as best we can, till, panting for breath, we set down our stretchers under an apple-tree in the orchard, in which, under the brow of the hill, we find the regiment lying, one or two companies being out on the skirmish line ahead.

I count six men of Company C lying yonder in the grass killed—killed, they say, by a single shell. Andy, my messmate, calls me away for a moment to look after some poor fellow whose arm is off at the shoulder; and it was just time I got away, too, for immediately a shell plunges into the sod where I had been sitting, tearing my stretcher to tatters and plowing up a great furrow under one of the boys who had been sitting immediately behind me,

and who thinks "That was rather close shaving, was n't it, now?" The bullets whistling overhead make pretty music with their ever-varying "z-i-p! z-i-p!" and we could imagine them so many bees, only they have such a terribly sharp sting.

"Here they come, boys; we 'll have to go in at them on a charge, I guess!" Creeping close around the corner of the log-house, I can see the long lines of gray sweeping up in fine style over the fields; but I feel the Colonel's hand on my shoulder.

"Keep back, my boy; no use exposing yourself in that way."

As I get back behind the house and look around, an old man is seen approaching our line through the orchard in the rear. He is dressed in a long, blue, swallow-tailed coat and high silk hat, and coming up to the Colonel, he asks:

"Would you let an old chap like me have a chance to fight in your ranks, Colonel?"

"Can you shoot?" inquires the Colonel.

"Oh yes, I can shoot, I reckon," says he.

"But where are your cartridges?"

"I 've got 'em here, sir," says the old man, slapping his hand on his pantaloons pocket.

And so "old John Burns," of whom every school-boy has heard, takes his place in the line and loads and fires with the best of them, and is



"THE OLD HERO OF GETTYSBURG"

left wounded and insensible on the field when the day is done.

Reclining there under a tree while the skirmishing is going on in front and the shells are tearing up the sod around us, I observe how evidently hard pressed is that battery yonder in the edge of the wood, about fifty yards to our right. The enemy's batteries have excellent range on the poor fellows serving it. And when the smoke lifts or rolls away in great clouds for a moment, we can see the men running, and ramming, and sighting, and firing, and swabbing, and changing position every few minutes to throw the enemy's guns out of range a little. The men are becoming terribly few, but nevertheless their guns, with a rapidity that seems unabated, belch forth great clouds of smoke and send the shells shrieking over the plain.

Meanwhile, events occur which give us something more to think of than mere skirmishing and shelling. Our beloved Brigadier-general, stepping out a moment to reconnoiter the enemy's position and movements, is seen by some sharpshooter off in a tree, and is carried severely wounded into the barn. Our Colonel assumes command of the brigade. Our regiment facing

westward, while the line on our right faces to the north, is observed to be exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns, as well as from the long line of gray now appearing in full sight on our right. So our regiment must form in line and change front forward, in order to come in line with the other regiments. Accomplished swiftly, this new movement brings our line at once face to face with the enemy's, which advances to within fifty yards, and exchanges a few volleys, but is soon checked and staggered by our fire.

Yet now, see! Away to our left, and consequently on our flank, a new line appears, rapidly advancing out of the woods a half-mile away, and there must be some quick and sharp work done now, Boys, or, between the old foes in front and the new ones on our flank, we shall be annihilated. To clear us of these old assailants in front before the new line can sweep down on our flank, our brave Colonel, in a ringing command, orders a charge along the whole line. Then, before the gleaming and bristling bayonets of our "Buck-tail" brigade, as it yells and cheers, sweeping resistlessly over the field, the enemy gives way and flies in confusion. But there is little time to

watch them fly, for that new line on our left is approaching at a rapid pace; and, with shells falling thick and fast into our ranks, and men dropping everywhere, our regiment must reverse the former movement by "changing front to rear," and so resume its original position facing westward, for the enemy's new line is approaching from that direction, and if it takes us in flank, we are done for.

To "change front to rear" is a difficult movement to execute even on drill, much more so under severe fire; but it is executed now steadily and without confusion, yet not a minute too soon! For the new line of gray is upon us in a mad tempest of lead, supported by a cruel artillery fire, almost before our line can steady itself to receive the shock. However, partially protected by a post-and-rail fence, we answer fiercely, and with effect so terrific that the enemy's line wavers, and at length moves off by the right flank, giving us a breathing space for a time.

See yonder! Our Colonel is clapping his hand to his cheek, from which a red stream is pouring; our Lieutenant-colonel is kneeling on the ground, and is having his handkerchief tied tight around his arm at the shoulder; the Major and Adjutant

both lie low, pierced with balls through the chest; one Lieutenant is waving his sword to his men, although his leg is crushed at the knee; three other officers of the line are lying over there, motionless now forever. All over the field are strewn men wounded or dead, and comrades pause a moment in the mad rush to catch the last words of the dying. Incidents such as these the reader must imagine for himself, to fill in these swift sketches of how the day was won—and lost!

Aye, lost! For the balls which have so far come mainly from our front, begin now to sing in from our left and right, which means that we are being flanked. Somehow, away off to our right, a half-mile or so, our line has given way and is already on retreat through the town, while our left is being driven in, and we ourselves may shortly be surrounded and crushed—and so the retreat is sounded.

On, now, through that strip of woods, at the other edge of which, with my back against a stout oak, I stop and look at a beautiful and thrilling sight. Some reserves are being brought up; infantry in the center, the colors flying and officers shouting; cavalry on the right with sa-

bers flashing and horses on a trot; artillery on the left, with guns at full gallop sweeping into



THE DRUMMER-BOY AT HIS POST

position to check the headlong pursuit—it is a grand sight and a fine rally, but a vain one; for

in an hour we are swept off the field and are in full retreat through the town.

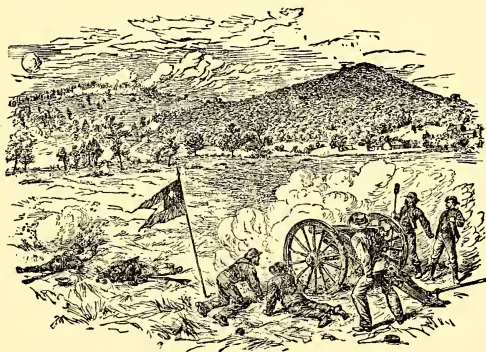
Up through the streets hurries the remnant of our shattered corps, while the enemy is pouring into the town only a few squares away from us. There is a tempest of shrieking shells and whistling balls about our ears. The guns of that battery by the woods we have dragged along, all the horses being disabled. The artillery-men load as we go, double-charging with grape and canister.

“Make way there, men!” is the cry, and the surging mass crowds close up on the sidewalks to right and left, leaving a long lane down the center of the street, through which the grape and canister go rattling into the ranks of the enemy’s advance-guard.

And so, amid scenes which I have neither space nor power to describe, we gain Cemetery Ridge toward sunset, and throw ourselves down by the road in a tumult of excitement and grief, having lost the day through the overwhelming force of numbers, and yet somehow having gained it, too (although as yet we know it not), for the sacrifice of our corps has saved the position for the rest of the army, which has been marching all

day, and which comes pouring in over Cemetery Ridge all night long.

Aye, the position is saved—but where is our corps? Well may our Division-general, who early in the day succeeded to the command when our brave Reynolds had fallen, shed tears of grief as he sits there on his horse and looks over the shattered remains of that First Army Corps, for there is but a handful of it left. Of the five hundred and fifty men that marched under our regimental colors in the morning, but one hundred remain. All our Field and Staff officers are gone. Of some twenty captains and lieutenants, but one is left without a scratch, while of my own company only thirteen out of fifty-four sleep that night on Cemetery Ridge, under the open canopy of heaven.



HOW MOSES WAS EMANCIPATED

(A True Story of the Civil War)

BY SUSAN HUNTINGTON HOOKER

“**M**AMA, mama, where did you get this photograph of a darky with such funny, wide-open eyes, and why are you keeping it?” asked Fritz, who had been rummaging in the drawer of an old bureau sacred to relics of bygone days. Mrs. Reed paused a moment on her way through the room, and exclaimed: “Oh, Fritz, what *are* you doing in that drawer? Shut it up. There are all sorts of valuable and rubbishy things there—things I shall never have time to look over until you children are grown up, and I am a gray old grandmother with nothing else to do.”

Mrs. Reed had taken the photograph in her hand, and was utterly oblivious of Fritz’s presence. Her mind was in the past. It was not the photograph, but the glimpse she had of the

drawer, with its old letters, shoulder-straps, army buttons, bits of Confederate scrip that had papered a room she saw in Vicksburg, and other odd relics. She even wondered how she came by that battered and faded old picture.

"I remember this now," said mama, after a few moments' thinking. "Papa sent me the picture while he was in the army. That colored man has quite a history. This evening ask your father to tell you 'How Moses was Emancipated.'"

When Mr. Reed opened the front door that evening he was at once surrounded by a clamorous group of children, all talking at once.

"Tell us about Moses precipitated!" cried Betty's shrill treble, a little higher than the others.

"No, no, Betty; not precipitated," said Dan.

"Well, Moses anticipated, then," said she.

They all laughed, and Miss Betty subsided.

Her father picked her up and led the way into the sitting-room.

Mr. Reed was a busy man, absorbed in the cares of a large business. He found little time to think of the past, and the old Civil War days were sometimes almost like a dream to him, or

seemed as if belonging to some previous existence. He had served three years in an engineer regiment that was transferred from one army-corps to another as their work was needed, and as much of it was repairing and building bridges and railroads in the hostile country, he could tell of many a skirmish with bushwhackers that belongs to the unwritten history of the war.

It was a rare treat for the children when they could lead him to tell some of the strange and thrilling exploits in which he had taken part.

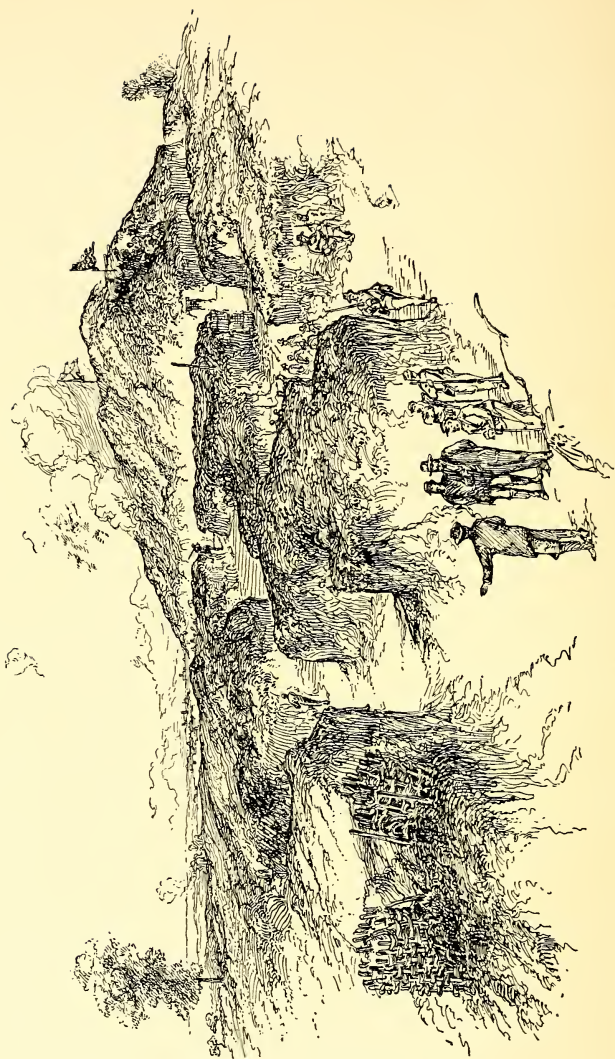
After tea, when they were all gathered around the fireplace with its bright wood fire, and Betty had climbed into his lap and nestled her head against him in a persuasive way, their father told them "How Moses was Emancipated."

You all have heard that the siege of Vicksburg lasted many months. During the first part of the siege our regiment was engaged in very important and sometimes very dangerous work in front of Vicksburg. We had a number of times to run the blockade, and our work on the fortifications was often directly under the ene-

my's guns. One day orders came for us to join the forces in the rear of the city. We crossed the river, and reached the other side after a roundabout march. Our regiment was placed in front of one of the enemy's most formidable fortifications. At first we were some distance away, but we gradually worked up with our approaches until we were within speaking distance. We came so near that we could "pass the time o' day" and talk in as friendly a way as you please. Occasionally our men would throw the poor, hungry fellows opposite a bit of bacon or a bite of hard-tack.

We were fairly starving them out, and when they surrendered there was not a bit of flour or fresh beef in the city. They had long been living on mule and horse meat and corn meal. An order came at this time for a secret and dangerous service, and we learned that we were to undermine a part of the fort and blow it up. The entrance to the tunnel was covered with a thick growth of underbrush, and secretly and silently our brave sappers and miners did their work.

We made a long tunnel, with a gradual descent, flat at the bottom and arched overhead. The men passed the dirt out one to the other in



VIEW OF VICKSBURG DURING THE SIEGE, FROM THE FEDERAL TRENCHES

pails and baskets, and it was carefully distributed inside of our earthworks so as not to attract attention. The work progressed slowly but surely, until finally the day came when it was ready for the mine. Our men carried in keg after keg of powder until there were about three thousand pounds in the end of the mine. Then fuses were so placed as to connect the kegs, to make sure of an instantaneous explosion. When the mine was finished the tunnel was packed solidly with earth for some distance, the fuse being carried through the barrier by means of a tube.

When everything was ready our men came out, leaving one man, a plucky fellow with nerves like steel and a sure hand, to light the fuse. It was a critical moment when the men lying in the intrenchments awaited the result. Our brave comrade had scarcely joined us when the explosion took place.

We saw what looked like a volcano before us. Stones, camp equipage, and clouds of dirt were blown into the air, and one nondescript black mass was thrown directly into our camp. Imagine our surprise, when this bit of wreck unrolled itself, at seeing the blackest and most scared looking darky we ever beheld!—his eyes

fairly protruding from their sockets. As he came plump down on a pile of soft earth, and a moment later rolled off on to the ground, we were about as much amazed as he was. Marvelous as it may seem, the man was as sound as a dollar, not a bone broken. As soon as he could articulate he said:

“Wha-wha-whar is I?”

“Safe, safe in the Promised Land!” said our adjutant.

“Good Lawd, how ’d I get here?”

“I ’spect you came in a ‘chariot of fire!’” replied the adjutant, who was never at a loss.

The bewildered darky looked around him in a dazed sort of way, utterly unable to locate himself; but the blue coats of our soldiers and the practical character of the camp seemed to convince him that he was yet in the world. It took him several days to pull himself together, and after that we had great sport with him in the camp, where he was a prime favorite. He used to say:

“Gen’lemen, I admiah to stay heah; but if ye gwine send me back, I pray de Lawd ye won’t do it de way I come!”

He told us direful stories of the straits of those



MOSES ARRIVES IN CAMP BY THE "AIR LINE"

inside of the city. He said: "My missis she lib in a cave 'side ob de road, for feah of de bomb-shells. Her ha'r done all come out, and she look moah like a scarecrow dan her own putty self."

He gave us some valuable information in regard to the fortifications and resources of the enemy. He was delighted to be among the "Yankees," and to feel that he was no longer a slave.

When the boys questioned him about his flight, he said:

"I was just lightin' de kindlin' to het up de colonel a dish o' mule soup when de summons come, and I was fired in de air like a rocket. I dunno what all became ob de colonel or de soup."

"What did you think, Moses, when you were flying through the air?" was one of the inquiries put to him.

"I done hab no use for thinkin'. 'T were too suddint like; but, good Lawd, how de wind blew!"

"Did n't you think that the last day had come?" asked another soldier, upon joining the group.

“No, sah. I tawt de debbles was all let loose.”

Moses proved a very good cook, and our colonel appropriated him for his own particular use. He always called him his “godsend,” and was never tired telling over the mess-table the story of “How Moses was Emancipated.”



DOUBLE CAVE IN THE RIGBY HILLS



ULYSSES S. GRANT AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

Executive Mansion
Washington, April 30, 1864

Lieutenant General Grant.

Not expecting to see you again before the Spring campaign opens, I wish to express, in this way, my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know or seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster, or the capture of our men in great numbers, shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it.

And now with a brave Army, and a just cause, may God sustain you.

Yours very truly
Abraham Lincoln

LINCOLN'S GOD-SPEED TO GRANT. (FAC-SIMILE OF THE
ORIGINAL, SLIGHTLY REDUCED IN SCALE)

[This remarkable letter was received by General Grant on the 1st of May, three days before the Wilderness campaign began. He was always careless about his papers, and private or semi-official ones were often thrust into his pockets, where they remained for months. In some such way Mr. Lincoln's beautiful God-speed was mislaid. General Grant had forgotten its existence, until in 1866 I came across it in my researches for my history of his campaigns. He was so pleased at the discovery, or recovery, that he gave me the original letter at the time. It is my intention eventually to present it either to the Government or to the family of General Grant.]

ADAM BADEAU.]

NEW YORK, November 10, 1885.

SHERIDAN IN THE VALLEY

BY GENERAL ADAM BADEAU

THERE are two kinds of war in modern times: one is begun by governments, and carried on principally by armies, and in this the people of the countries have for the most part little concern; the other is war in which the people themselves take an active part. The civil war at the South was of the latter sort. After it was once begun, the population of the South were as profoundly interested as their own government, and bore as important a part. Nearly every grown white man in the Southern States was in the ranks; and the women and children and the few men who staid at home were, if anything, more in earnest than those who belonged to the army. The population, including the slaves, furnished supplies of every sort to those at the front: they made shoes and clothes and sometimes arms; they plowed and reaped, and ground and baked,

and forwarded food. Without them the armies of the South could not have been maintained.

The Valley of Virginia was the great farm-ground and storehouse for Lee's army. It is an unusually fertile region, two hundred miles long, and fifty wide, lying between the Alleghany and the Blue Ridge Mountains, and extending from the Potomac on the north to the James River on the south. Here the crops were raised that fed the defenders of Richmond. Here the saddles and harnesses for Lee's cavalry were made; here were the gun-stock factories, the shoe-shops, the cloth-mills, the furnaces and foundries that furnished his munitions of war.

Grant believed that the war at the South could not be ended solely by fighting. It was his policy to destroy whatever supported the armies; to kill all the men; to consume all the food, and to break up all the roads by which further supplies could be brought. There was plenty of fighting—as many and fierce battles in the same space of time as the world ever saw; but the struggle was between men of the same race, equally brave, equally in earnest; and the only way to conquer, according to Grant, was to attack the people as well as the armies. One great means was the destruc-



“ THE ARMY CARRIED OFF ALL THE HORSES, CATTLE, AND MULES ”

tion of the supplies in the Valley of Virginia. But the supplies were ably and bravely defended, and before they could be destroyed the defenders must be beaten. This was Sheridan's first task.

He was just thirty-three years of age—the very prime of life for a soldier; for after forty no man is so fit for war as before, so full of spirit and vigor and endurance—and all these are qualities of mind or body essential in a great commander. “Old men for counsel, young men for action,” says the proverb, truly. But Sheridan was not only full of energy; his judgment was clear, which every one can see is also important in a general. His decision too was quick, and this, if possible, is more important still; for in the turmoil of battle there is not time to consider long. As well decide wrong, as decide too late. Sheridan had experience of war, he had skill, he had undaunted courage. By courage I do not mean merely the trait which enables a man to stand fire without running away, but the fearlessness to take great risks, to send his men into battle knowing that if he lost, he lost all—his own fame, the lives of his troops, the future, perhaps, of his country. Many a brave man shrinks in the presence of such possibilities. But this sort of daring

is indispensable in a great soldier ; and this Sheridan possessed.

He also had a sympathetic nature that attracted men, gave him a great influence over them, and made them love him and follow him. No soldier on either side in the war had more of this personal magnetism than Sheridan. In battle, he stood in his stirrups, waving his hat and brandishing his sword, and shouting to his men. His eyes flashed, his face shone, and wounded men went on after they had been shot, because he commanded them. He ordered the bands to play, and led the front line himself with the colors in his hand, and the example was contagious. Such a man was almost sure to lead his troops to victory.

For six weeks the new commander moved cautiously about at the entrance to the Valley ; for Sheridan was wary as well as active. His force was little, if any, larger than Early's, and great things hung on his success. It was important to give the enemy no chance, yet a single mismove might leave open the road to Washington. Besides this, he was hampered by the fact that his own movements depended on those of other armies a hundred miles away.

Finally, the country and the government be-



P. H. Shierman

came impatient, as those often are who look at war from afar, not knowing the plans or prospects of commanders or, sometimes, the real situation. Grant therefore went to see Sheridan, and talked with him of the position of affairs. He took a plan of battle with him, in his pocket, but he found Sheridan understood so well what he had to do, that he told him to fight as he had intended, and never showed him the plan.

The two armies were facing each other, a little east of the town of Winchester, and Sheridan moved forward the greater part of his command, holding one division in reserve, to be used at the crisis. Early learned that Grant had been with Sheridan, and judging from this that a battle was probable, recalled the detachment he had sent away. It returned in the midst of the battle, and proved an important re-enforcement, driving Sheridan back from the ground he at first had gained. Then, however, Sheridan brought up his reserves on his own right, and wheeled them around to envelop Early's left, while the Northern cavalry moved at the same time on the opposite flank. The double force approached with terrible vigor, and the spectacle to the enemy was tremendous. Crowded in on both flanks, over-



THE CROPS WERE DESTROYED AND THE MILLS WERE BURNED

lapped on the left, with Sheridan's cavalry charging into them on the right, they fell into confusion. "The result," said Grant, "was such that I never afterward thought it necessary to visit Sheridan before giving him orders."

The battle of Winchester lasted till dark on the 19th of September, and on the evening of the 20th Sheridan came up with Early at Fisher's Hill.

On the morning of the 21st, Sheridan began his preparations for another assault. He liked the maneuver he had performed at Winchester so well that he determined to try it again.

On the following day Sheridan drove the enemy quite out of the narrow valley into the gaps of the Blue Ridge Mountains, while his troops took possession of the country a hundred miles south of the Potomac River. The effect of these victories was prodigious. The whole North rang with applause, and Sheridan became one of the most conspicuous and popular of the Union generals.

It was now time for Sheridan to carry out Grant's second set of orders. He had "followed the enemy to the death," had "got south of them," had driven them out of the coveted region, and relieved the North from all fear of invasion by the

Valley; now he was ready to begin the destruction of supplies. Sheridan therefore devastated the whole country between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. It was very terrible, but it was war; and the cruelest war is sometimes the most merciful, for it is surer to be short. One side or the other must give way.

So complete a destruction of the resources of a country has hardly been known in modern warfare, but it answered its purpose, and helped to end the war.

But the very success with which this plan was carried out made it impossible for Sheridan himself to remain in the region. All forage and grain south of him had been sent to Lee; all the rest Sheridan himself had consumed or destroyed. He was a hundred miles from his base, and supplies could not be brought up rapidly enough to enable him to penetrate farther. There was no alternative but to retrace his steps.

Lee, however, could not yet make up his mind to abandon this important territory; he determined to make one more effort to recover it. Early had not absolutely crossed the Blue Ridge, but had only fled to its western base, and Lee now re-enforced him with ten thousand men, and ordered him to return.

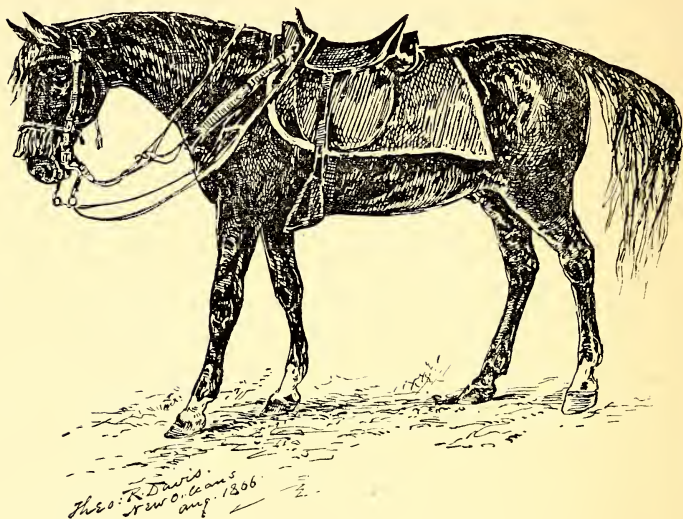
Sheridan, meanwhile, had begun his backward march, "stretching the cavalry across the Valley from the Blue Ridge to the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, with directions to burn all forage and barns, and drive off all stock as they moved."

On the 9th of October, Early came up with the cavalry at a place called Tom's Brook, near the site of the battle of Fisher's Hill; but Torbert, at the head of Sheridan's horse, turned and routed the Southern cavalry, capturing eleven guns, the forges for the batteries, the wagons for headquarters, and everything else that was carried on wheels. The enemy were followed "on the jump" twenty-six miles, over a mountain and across a river.

After this affair, the victorious general continued his northward march. Early remained quiet for several days after his third defeat, and then followed at a respectful distance. On the 13th of October, Sheridan was summoned to Washington by the Secretary of War, who desired to consult him about the further movements of the campaign. On the 15th he started for the capital, leaving his army, under the command of General Wright.

Early, meanwhile, was preparing for a desper-

ate effort, and on the night of the 18th of October, he moved against Sheridan's army. Crossing the river in the darkness, he crept unobserved under the Union guns, attacked the army at day-break, and drove in the left, capturing eighteen



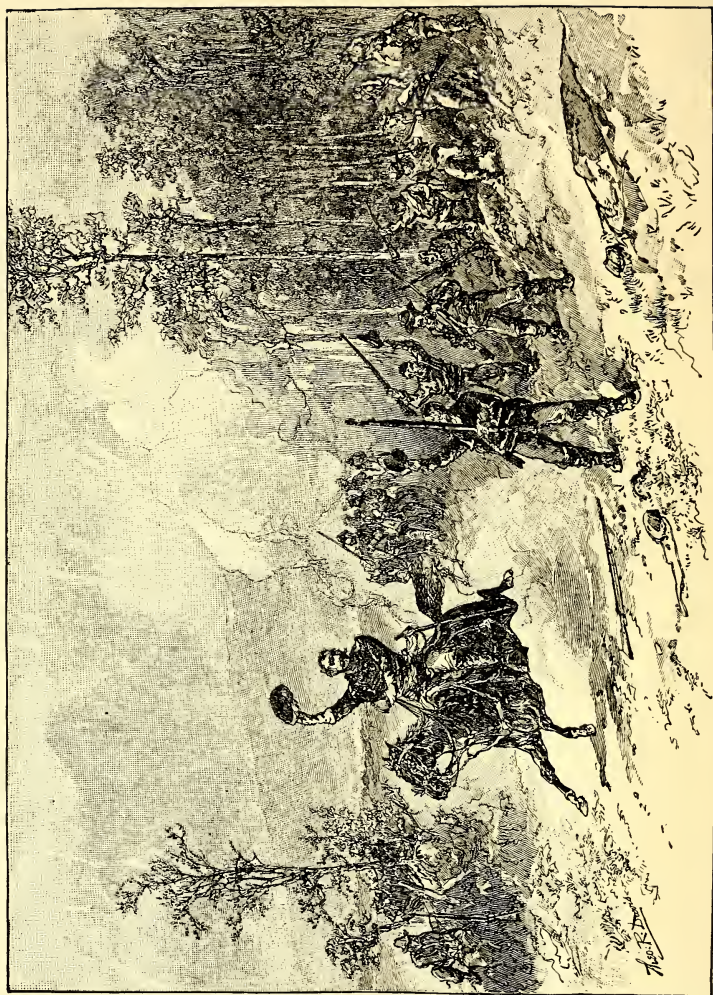
SHERIDAN'S HORSE

guns and a thousand prisoners. This part of the command was absolutely routed. The right remained unbroken, but the whole army was forced back a distance of six or seven miles; many of the troops were in a deplorable condition, the in-

fantry not even keeping together as companies. It was a mob, not an army.

Sheridan had left Washington on the morning of the 18th, by train, and passed the night at Winchester, twenty miles north of the battle-field. On the morning of the 19th, he heard the firing of cannon, and sent out to inquire the cause, but was told it came from a reconnoissance. At nine o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little, he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as this in their terror. The trains of wagons were rushing by, horses and drivers all in confusion, for there is no worse turmoil in this world than the flight and wreck of a beaten army. Sheridan had never seen his own men in this condition before.

He at once ordered the trains to be halted, and sent for a brigade of troops from Winchester; these he posted across the road to prevent further straggling. Then he called for an escort of twenty men, and, directing his staff to stem the torrent as well as they could, he set off himself



“FACE THE OTHER WAY, BOYS! FACE THE OTHER WAY!”

for the battle-field. He rode straight into the throng of fugitives, in a splendid passion of wrath and determination, spurring his horse and swinging his hat as he passed, and calling to the men:

“Face the other way, boys! Face the other way!”

Hundreds turned at the appeal, and followed him with cheers, for they all knew Sheridan.

It was ten o'clock before he reached the field. There he rode about hurriedly, glanced at the position, and at once determined upon his course. He re-arranged the line of those who were still unbeaten, and then went back to bring up the panic-stricken remainder. And now his presence and personal influence told. He was in the full uniform of a major-general, mounted on a magnificent black horse, man and beast covered with dust and flecked with foam; he rose again in his stirrups, he drew his sword, he waved his hat, and shouted to his soldiers:

“If I had been here, this never would have happened. Face the other way, boys! We are going back!”

The flying soldiers were struck with shame when they heard him shout and saw his face blazing with rage and courage and eagerness for

them. They took up his cry themselves, "Face the other way!" It went on from one to another for miles—from crowd to crowd—and they obeyed the command. As the swelling shout went on, the surging crowd returned. They faced the other way, and, along the very road which a cowering mob had taken three hours before, the same men marched, with the tread of soldiers, to meet the enemy. They knew now that they were led to victory.

He led them to their place; he re-formed the whole line, and a breastwork of rails and logs was thrown up—just in time. As Sheridan reached the front he could see the enemy moving to the attack; but now he was prepared. The assault was heavy, but the men stood their ground, and this time it was Early's troops that broke. Then Sheridan advanced, and over the same ground where his army had been defeated in the morning, he pursued a shrinking enemy; recaptured every cannon that had been lost, drove the Southerners across the creek, found a ford where the river turned, got among the wagons and made the pursuit a rout. Early tried to rally his men at Fisher's Hill, where he had fought a few days before, but all in vain: there was no

organization left; he could not form them into line. Two thousand made their way to the mountains, and for ten miles the road was covered with small arms, blankets, knapsacks, and wounded men—the fragments of a flying army.

This battle ended the campaign in the Valley; the Southerners never again attempted to invade the North, and Sheridan's men marched in whatever direction they chose, for there was no one to oppose them.

It was only eleven weeks since Sheridan had entered the Valley, and in this period he had fought three pitched battles, besides directing an important cavalry encounter,—and every one was a complete victory.

The object of the campaign was as thoroughly accomplished as in any series of movements in the war, and Sheridan will always be known in history as the Hero of the Valley.

Cypher,

Executive Mansion.

Washington, Sept. 20, 1862.

Major General Sherman
Winchester, Va.

Have just heard of your
great victory. Your blow you see, officers
and men. Strongly inclined to come up and
see you.

Minors

THE PICKET-GUARD

BY ETHELIN ELIOT BEERS

“ALL quiet along the Potomac,” they say,
“Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'T is nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.”

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
O'er the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping,
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two, in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

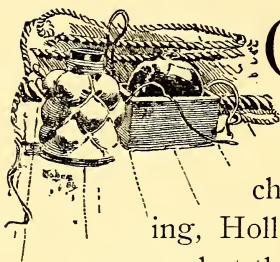
He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
His footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing!

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river:
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket 's off duty forever!

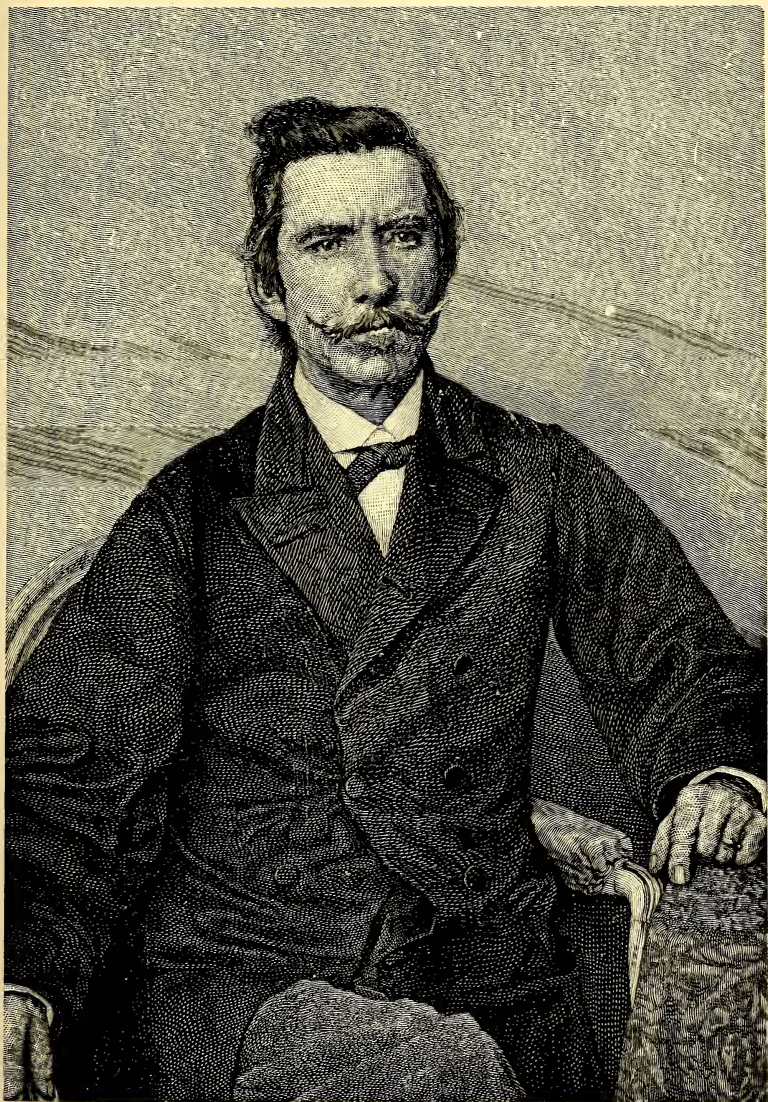


THE "ALABAMA" AND THE "KEARSARGE"

BY THE SURGEON OF THE "KEARSARGE"



ON Sunday, the 12th of June, 1864, the *Kearsarge*, Captain John A. Winslow, was lying at anchor in the Scheldt, off Flushing, Holland. The cornet suddenly appeared at the fore, and a gun was fired. These were unexpected signals that compelled absent officers and men to return to the ship. Steam was raised, and as soon as we were off, and all hands called, Captain Winslow gave the welcome news of a telegram from Mr. Dayton, our minister to France, announcing that the *Alabama* had arrived the day previous at Cherbourg; hence, the urgency of departure, the probability of an encounter, and the expectation of her capture or destruction. The crew



REAR-ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES, CAPTAIN OF THE "ALABAMA"

From a photograph in possession of Mrs. J. McIntosh Kell; taken in England after the loss of his ship



responded with cheers. The succeeding day witnessed the arrival of the *Kearsarge* at Dover, for dispatches; and the day after (Tuesday) her appearance off Cherbourg, where we saw the Confederate flag flying within the breakwater. Approaching nearer, officers and men gathered in groups on deck and looked intently at the "daring rover," that had been able for two years to escape numerous foes and to inflict immense damage on our commerce. She was a beautiful specimen of naval architecture. The surgeon went on shore and obtained permission to visit the port for boats. Owing to the neutrality limitation which would not allow us to remain in the harbor longer than twenty-four hours, it was inexpedient to enter the port. We placed a vigilant watch by turns at each of the harbor entrances, and continued it to the moment of the engagement.

On Wednesday Captain Winslow paid an official visit to the French admiral commanding the maritime district, and to the U. S. commercial agent, bringing on his return the unanticipated news that Captain Semmes had declared his intention to fight. At first the assertion was barely credited, the policy of the *Alabama* being

regarded as opposed to a conflict, and to escape rather than to be exposed to injury, perhaps destruction; but the doubters were half convinced when the so-called challenge was known to read as follows:

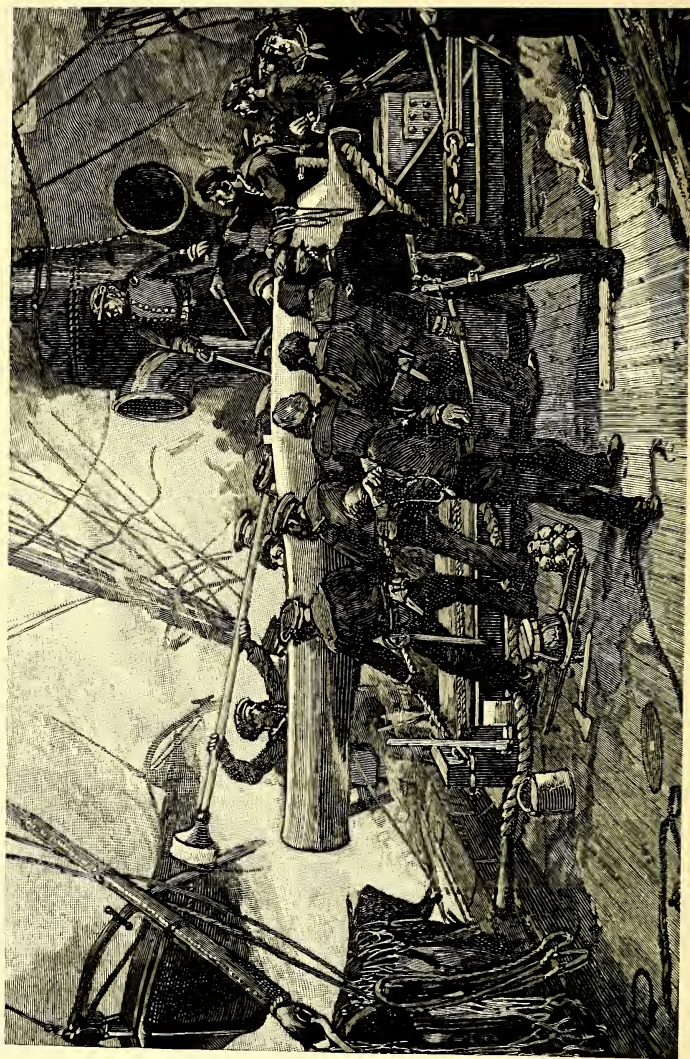
“C. S. S. ‘ALABAMA,’ CHERBOURG, June 14, 1864.
“TO A. BONFILS, Esq., CHERBOURG.

“SIR: I hear that you were informed by the U. S. Consul that the *Kearsarge* was to come to this port solely for the prisoners landed by me, and that she was to depart in twenty-four hours. I desire you to say to the U. S. Consul that my intention is to fight the *Kearsarge*, as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements. I hope these will not detain me more than until to-morrow evening, or after the morrow morning at furthest. I beg she will not depart before I am ready to go out.

I have the honor to be very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. SEMMES, *Captain.*”

Preparations were made for battle, with no relaxation of the watch. Thursday passed; Friday came; the *Kearsarge* waited with ports down, guns pivoted to starboard, the whole battery loaded, and shell, grape and canister ready to use in any mode of attack or defense; yet no *Alabama* appeared. French pilots came on board and told of unusual arrangements made by the





THE ELEVEN-INCH FORWARD PIVOT-GUN IN ACTION ON THE " KEARSARGE "

enemy, such as the hurried taking of coals, the transmission of valuable articles to the shore, such as captured chronometers, specie, and the bills of ransomed vessels; and the sharpening of swords, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes. It was reported that Captain Semmes had been advised not to give battle. He replied he would prove to the world that his ship was not a privateer, intended only for attack upon merchant vessels, but a true man-of-war; further, he had consulted French officers, who all asserted that in his situation they would fight. Certain newspapers declared that he ought to improve the opportunity afforded by the presence of the enemy to show that his ship was not a “corsair,” to prey upon defenseless merchantmen, but a real ship-of-war, able and willing to fight the “Federal” waiting outside the harbor. It was said the *Alabama* was swift, with a superior crew, and it was known that the ship, guns, and ammunition were of English make.

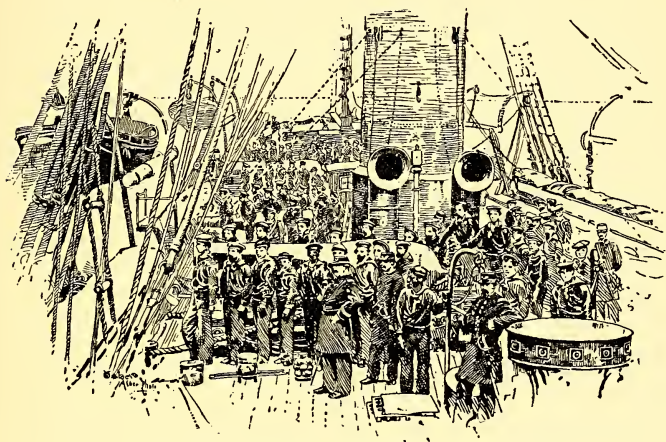
Sunday the 19th came; a fine day, atmosphere somewhat hazy, little sea, light westerly wind. At ten o'clock the *Kearsarge* was near the buoy marking the line of shoals to the eastward of Cherbourg, at a distance of about three miles

from the entrance. The decks had been holystoned, the bright work cleaned, the guns polished, and the crew were dressed in Sunday suit. They were inspected at quarters and dismissed to attend divine service. Seemingly no one thought of the enemy; so long awaited and not appearing, speculation as to her coming had nearly ceased. At 10:20 the officer of the deck reported a steamer approaching from Cherbourg, —a frequent occurrence, and consequently it created no surprise. The bell was tolling for service when some one shouted, "She 's coming, and heading straight for us!" Soon, by the aid of a glass, the officer of the deck made out the enemy and shouted, "The *Alabama*!" and calling down the ward-room hatch repeated the cry, "The *Alabama*!" The drum beat to general quarters; Captain Winslow put aside the prayer-book, seized the trumpet, ordered the ship about and headed seaward. The ship was cleared for action, with the battery pivoted to starboard.

The *Alabama* approached from the western entrance, escorted by the French iron-clad frigate *Couronne*, flying the pennant of the commandant of the port.

Captain Winslow had assured the French ad-

miral that in the event of an engagement the position of the ship should be far enough from shore to prevent a violation of the law of nations. To avoid a question of jurisdiction and to avert an



THE CREW OF THE “KEARSARGE” AT QUARTERS

escape to neutral waters in case of retreat, the *Kearsarge* steamed to sea, followed by the enemy, giving the appearance of running away and being pursued.

The action was now fairly begun. A shot from an early broadside of the *Kearsarge* carried away the spanker-gaff of the enemy, and caused his ensign to come down by the run. This

incident was regarded as a favorable omen by the men, who cheered and went with increased confidence to their work. The fallen ensign reappeared at the mizzen. The *Alabama* returned to solid shot, and soon after fired both shot and shell to the end. The firing of the *Alabama* was rapid and wild, getting better near the close; that of the *Kearsarge* was deliberate, accurate, and almost from the beginning productive of dismay, destruction, and death.¹ The *Kearsarge* gunners had been cautioned against firing without direct aim, and had been advised to point the heavy guns below rather than above the water-line, and to clear the deck of the enemy with the lighter ones. Though subjected to an incessant storm of shot and shell, they kept their stations and obeyed instructions.

The effect upon the enemy was readily perceived, and nothing could restrain the enthusiasm of our men. Cheer succeeded cheer; caps were thrown in the air or overboard; jackets were discarded; sanguine of victory, the men were shouting as each projectile took effect: "That is a

¹ Captain Semmes in his official report says: "The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing, and disabling a number of men in different parts of the ship."—J. M. B.

SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA"



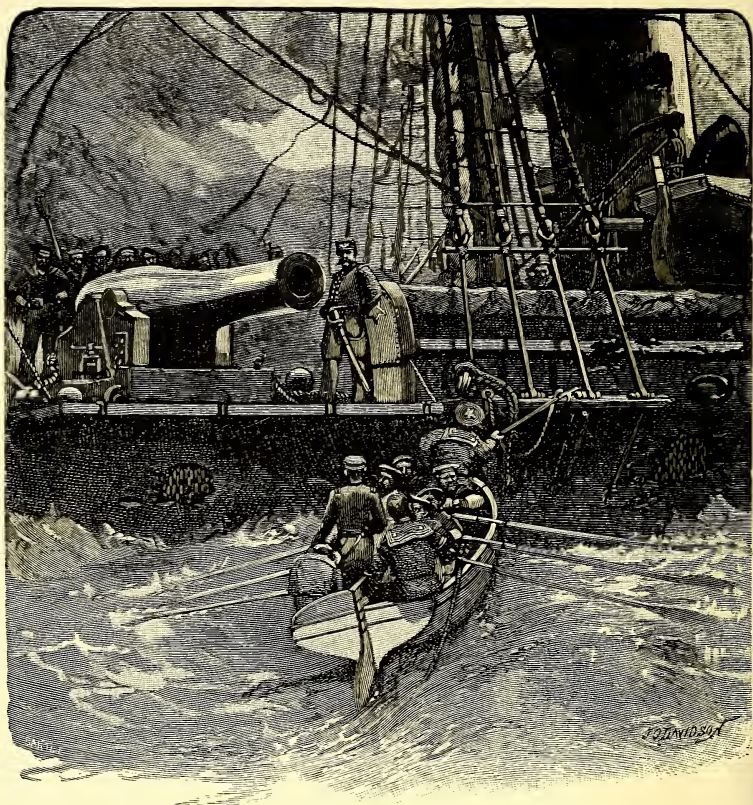
good one!” “Down, boys!” “Give her another like the last!” “Now we have her!” and so on, cheering and shouting to the end.

After exposure to an uninterrupted cannonade for eighteen minutes without casualties, a sixty-eight-pounder Blakely shell passed through the starboard bulwarks below the main rigging, exploded upon the quarter-deck, and wounded three of the crew of the after pivot-gun. With these exceptions, not an officer or man received serious injury. The three unfortunates were speedily taken below, and so quietly was the act done, that at the termination of the fight a large number of the men were unaware that any of their comrades were wounded. Two shots entered the ports occupied by the thirty-twos, where several men were stationed, one taking effect in the hammock-netting, the other going through the opposite port, yet none were hit. A shell exploded in the hammock-netting and set the ship on fire; the alarm calling for fire-quarters was sounded, and men detailed for such an emergency put out the fire, while the rest stayed at the guns.

It is wonderful that so few casualties occurred on board the *Kearsarge*, considering the number on the *Alabama*—the former having fired one

hundred and seventy-three shot and shell, and the latter nearly double that number. The *Kearsarge* concentrated her fire and poured in the eleven-inch shells with deadly effect. One penetrated the coal-bunker of the *Alabama*, and a dense cloud of coal-dust arose. Others struck near the water-line between the main and mizzen masts, exploded within board, or passing through burst beyond. Crippled and torn, the *Alabama* moved less quickly and began to settle by the stern, yet did not slacken her fire, but returned successive broadsides without disastrous result to us.

Captain Semmes witnessed the havoc made by the shells, especially by those of our after pivot-gun, and offered a reward for its silence. Soon his battery was turned upon this particular offending gun for the purpose of silencing it. It was in vain, for the work of destruction went on. We had completed the seventh rotation on the circular track and begun the eighth; the *Alabama*, now settling, sought to escape by setting all available sail (fore-trysail and two jibs), left the circle, amid a shower of shot and shell, and headed for the French waters; but to no purpose. In winding the *Alabama* presented the port battery



THE BOAT FROM THE "ALABAMA" ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER AND ASKING
FOR ASSISTANCE

The picture shows shot-marks in the thin deal covering of the chain armor amidships

with only two guns bearing, and showed gaping sides through which the water washed. The *Kearsarge* pursued, keeping on a line nearer the shore and, with a few well-directed shots hastened the sinking condition. Then the *Alabama* was at our mercy. Her colors were struck and the *Kearsarge* ceased firing. Two of the junior officers, so I was told by our prisoners, swore they would never surrender, and in a mutinous spirit rushed to the two port guns and opened fire upon the *Kearsarge*. Captain Winslow, amazed at this extraordinary conduct of an enemy who had hauled down his flag in token of surrender, exclaimed, “He is playing us a trick; give him another broadside.” Again the shot and shell went crashing through her sides, and the *Alabama* continued to settle by the stern. The *Kearsarge* was laid across her bows for raking, and in position to use grape and canister.

Over the stern of the *Alabama* a white flag was shown, and her ensign was half-masted, union down. Captain Winslow for the second time gave orders to cease firing. Thus ended the fight after a duration of one hour and two minutes.

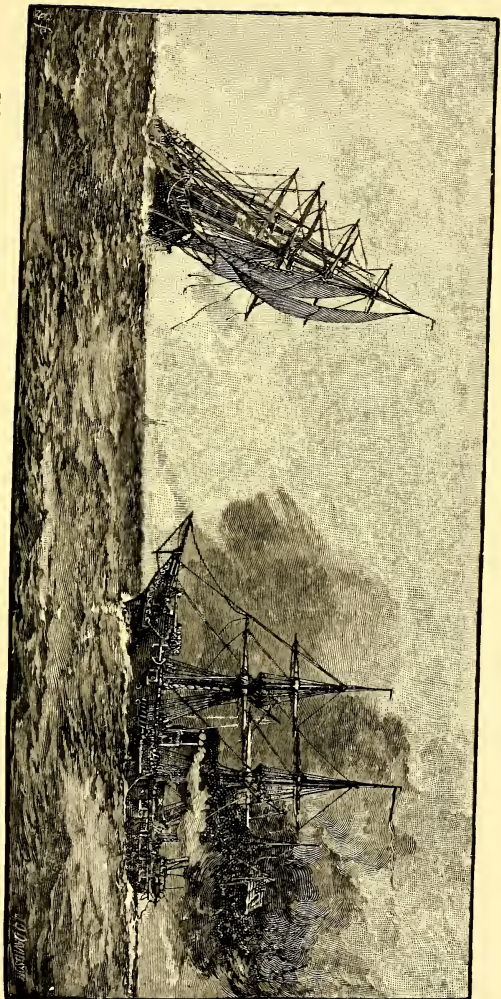
Boats were now lowered from the *Alabama*.

Her master's-mate, Fullam, an Englishman, came alongside the *Kearsarge* with a few of the wounded, reported the disabled and sinking condition of his ship, and asked for assistance. Captain Winslow inquired, "Does Captain Semmes surrender his ship?" "Yes," was the reply. Fullam then solicited permission to return with his boat and crew to assist in rescuing the drowning, pledging his word of honor that when this was done he would come on board and surrender. Captain Winslow granted the request. With less generosity he could have detained the officer and men, supplied their places in the boat from his ship's company, secured more prisoners, and afforded equal aid to the distressed.

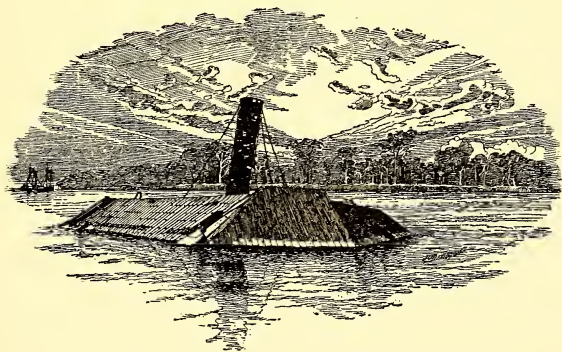
It was now seen that the *Alabama* was settling fast. The wounded, and boys who could not swim, were sent away in the quarter boats, the waist boats having been destroyed. Captain Semmes dropped his sword into the sea and jumped overboard with the remaining officers and men.

The *Alabama* sunk in forty-five fathoms of water, at a distance of about four and a half miles from the breakwater, off the west entrance. She was severely hulled between the main and mizzen

CLOSE OF THE COMBAT—THE "KEARSARGE" GETTING INTO POSITION TO RAKE THE "ALABAMA"



masts, and settled by the stern; the mainmast, pierced by a shot at the very last, broke off near the head and went over the side, the bow lifted high from the water, and then came the end. Suddenly assuming a perpendicular position, caused by the falling aft of the battery and stores, straight as a plumb-line, stern first, she went down, the jib-boom being the last to appear above water. Down sank the terror of merchantmen, riddled through and through, and as she disappeared to her last resting-place there was no cheer; all were silent.



LIEUTENANT CUSHING AND THE RAM "ALBEMARLE"

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE great Civil War was remarkable in many ways, but in no way more remarkable than for the extraordinary mixture of inventive mechanical genius and of resolute daring shown by the combatants. After the first year, when the contestants had settled down to real fighting, and the preliminary mob-work was over, the battles were marked by their extraordinary obstinacy and heavy losses. In no European conflict since the close of the Napoleonic wars has the fighting been anything like so obstinate and so bloody as was the fighting in our own Civil War. Hundreds of regiments, both Northern and Southern, suffered each in some one engagement far more heavily than either the Light Brigade at Balaclava, or the Guards at Inkerman, or than any German regiment in the Franco-Prussian



THE BLOWING UP OF THE "ALBEMARLE"

war; and yet they have gone entirely unnoticed by the poet, and dismissed with but a scant line or two by the historian. In addition to this fierce and dogged courage, this splendid fighting capacity, the contest also brought out the skilled inventive power of engineer and mechanic in a way that few other contests have ever done.

This was especially true in the navy. The fighting under and against Farragut and his fellow admirals revolutionized naval warfare. The Civil War marks the break between the old style and the new. The ships with which Decatur and Perry and Hull and Porter won glory in 1812 were essentially like those with which Drake and Hawkins and Frobisher had harried the Spanish armadas two centuries and a half earlier. They were essentially like the ships that made up the fleets of Tromp and De Ruyter, as of Collingwood and Nelson. But, in the Civil War, steam, iron armor, and entirely new weapons, worked such a revolution that the fleets of to-day differ as widely from those of Nelson as did his ships-of-the-line from the galleys of Alcibiades twenty-two hundred years before. The steam-frigate, the ironclad, the ram, and the torpedo in all its forms—the practical use of all

these dates from the Civil War. Terrible encounters took place when these engines of war were brought into action for the first time, and one of these encounters has given an example which, for heroic daring combined with cool intelligence, is unsurpassed in all time.

The Confederates showed the same skill and energy in building their great iron-clad rams as the men of the Union did in building the monitors which were so often pitted against them. Both sides, but especially the Confederates, also used stationary torpedoes, and on a number of occasions torpedo-boats likewise. These torpedo-boats were sometimes built to go under the water. One such, after repeated failures, was employed by the Confederates, with equal gallantry and success, in sinking a Union sloop-of-war off Charleston harbor. The torpedo-boat itself went to the bottom with its victim, all on board being drowned. The other type of torpedo-boat was simply a swift, ordinary steam-launch operated on the surface.

It was this last type of boat which Lieutenant W. B. Cushing brought down to Albemarle Sound to use against the great Confederate ram *Albemarle*. The ram had been built for the pur-

pose of destroying the Union blockading forces. Steaming down the river, she had twice attacked the Federal gunboats, and in each case had sunk



COMMANDER W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N.

or disabled one or more of them, with little injury to herself. She had retired up the river again to lie at her wharf and refit.

The gunboats had suffered so severely as to make it a certainty that when the ram came out

again, thoroughly fitted up, to renew the attack, the wooden vessels would be destroyed; and, while she was in existence the Union vessels could not attack and reduce the forts and coast towns. Just at this time Cushing came down from the North with his swift little torpedo-boat—an open launch with a spar rigged to push out in front, the torpedo being placed at the end. The crew of the launch consisted of fifteen men, Cushing being in command. He not only guided his craft, but himself handled the torpedo by means of two small ropes, one of which put it in place, while the other exploded it. The action of the torpedo was complicated, and it could not have been operated in a time of tremendous excitement save by a man of the utmost nerve and self-command. But Cushing had both; he possessed precisely that combination of reckless courage, presence of mind, and high mental capacity necessary to the man who leads a forlorn hope under peculiarly difficult circumstances.

On the night of October 27, 1864, Cushing slipped away from the blockading fleet, and steamed up the river toward the wharf, a dozen miles distant, where the great ram lay. The Confederates were watchful to guard against

surprise, for they feared lest their foes should try to destroy the ram before she got a chance to come down and attack them again in the Sound. She lay under the guns of a fort, with a regiment of troops ready at a moment's notice to turn out and defend her. Her own guns were kept always clear for action, and she was protected by a great boom of logs thrown out roundabout, of which last defense the Federals knew nothing.

Cushing went up-stream with the utmost caution, and by good luck passed, unnoticed, a Confederate lookout below the ram.

About midnight he made his assault. Steaming quietly on through the black water, and feeling his way cautiously toward where he knew the town to be, he finally made out the loom of the *Albemarle* through the night, and at once drove at her. He was almost upon her before he was discovered; then the crew and the soldiers on the wharf opened fire, and at the same moment he was brought to by the boom, the existence of which he had not known. The rifle-balls were singing about him as he stood erect guiding his launch, and he heard the bustle of the men aboard the ram, and the noise of the great guns as they were got ready. Backing off, he again went all

steam ahead, and actually surged over the slippery log of the boom.

Meanwhile, on the deck of the *Albemarle* the sailors were running to quarters, and the soldiers were swarming down to aid in her defense. And the droning bullets came always thicker through the dark night. Cushing still stood upright in his little craft, guiding and controlling her by voice and signal, while in his hands he kept the ropes which led to the torpedo. As the boat slid forward over the boom, he brought the torpedo full against the somber side of the huge ram, and instantly exploded it, almost at the same time that the pivot-gun of the ram, loaded with grape, was fired point-blank at him, not ten yards off.

At once the ram settled, the launch sinking at the same moment, while Cushing and his men swam for their lives. Most of them sank or were captured; but Cushing reached midstream. Hearing something splashing in the darkness, he swam toward it, and found that it was one of his crew. He went to his rescue, and they kept together for some time, but the sailor's strength gave out, and he finally sank. In the pitch darkness Cushing could form no idea where he was;

and when, chilled through, and too exhausted to rise to his feet, he finally reached shore, shortly before dawn, he found that he had swum back, and landed but a few hundred feet below the sunken ram. All that day he remained within easy musket-shot of where his foes were swarming about the fort and the great drowned iron-clad. He hardly dared move, and until the afternoon, he lay without food and without protection from the heat or insects. Then he managed to slip unobserved into a dense swamp, and began to make his way toward the fleet. Toward evening he came out on a small stream, near a camp of Confederate soldiers. They had moored to the bank a small skiff, and with equal stealth and daring he managed to steal this, and began to paddle down-stream. Hour after hour he paddled on through the fading light, and then through the darkness. At last, utterly worn out, he found the squadron, and was picked up.

At once the ships weighed their anchors, and they speedily captured every coast town and fort, now that their dreaded enemy was no longer in the way.

The fame of Cushing's deed went all over the land, and his name will stand forever among the highest on the honor-roll of the American Navy.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

BY GENERAL ADAM BADEAU

THE first thing for a boy or a girl to remember in considering war is—that soldiers must eat. It is generally supposed that the most important duty of a soldier is to fight; but this is a mistake. He must eat before he can fight; and more battles have been lost because commanders could not feed their armies, than because they could not fight the enemy. This fact should be especially borne in mind by those who wish to understand the March to the Sea.

In 1864, when Grant took command of the armies of the United States, there were two great forces of the South to be beaten and destroyed if the Union was to be saved. One was the army under General Robert E. Lee, between Washington and Richmond; the other that in Northern Georgia, before Chattanooga, commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston. Grant remained in



SHERMAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT A STOPPING-PLACE ON THE MARCH.

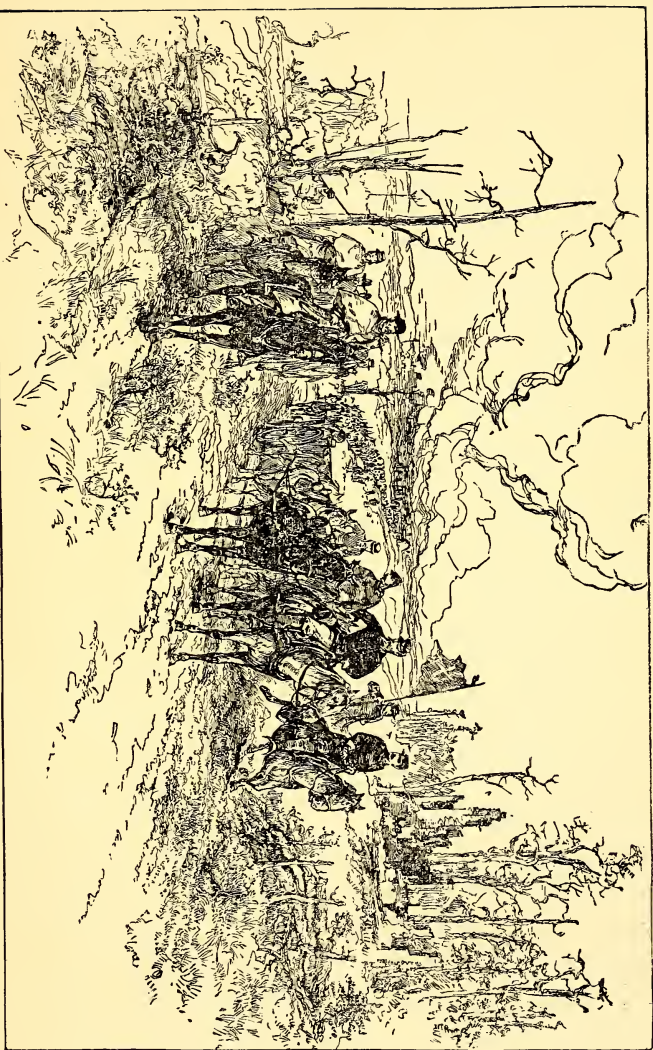
person at the East, and undertook to defeat Lee's army there; while he gave to General William T. Sherman the task of subduing Johnston's forces. Chattanooga is in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains, on the borders of Tennessee and Georgia. It stands at the junction of the great railroad which runs east and west between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, and that other equally important one running north and south between the Ohio and the Gulf of Mexico. By these two railroads the Southern Confederacy, during the early part of the war, had sent supplies to its armies. But when Grant won Chattanooga in 1863, one line was broken; and the Southerners fell back for communication to other railroads which met at Atlanta, connecting that place with Mobile, Savannah, New Orleans, and Richmond.

The control of the railroads is the object of every great campaign in modern war. Whoever holds the railroads can move troops and ammunition and food to the important point more quickly than the enemy. And everything depends upon being stronger than your enemy at the important point.

When Grant won Chattanooga, he secured the great highway across the continent from Missis-

issippi to the sea, as well as the gateway into Georgia. Then he ordered Sherman to advance southward to the next great crossing of railroads, at Atlanta. It took Sherman four months to carry out this order. He had to move through a mountainous region, by narrow defiles, across numerous streams, against an army of his own countrymen, as good soldiers as ever fought, and led by a general who had no superior in skill or courage on either side during the war, who knew how to fight and to fortify, to put every obstacle in the way of his antagonist, to hold him off as long as possible, and—quite as important as anything else—to fall back when he could hold out no longer. Johnston opposed Sherman in this way. But Sherman had more men and equal skill and courage.

Grant's plan had been that Sherman, after entering Atlanta, should march on to Mobile, holding the line that he had gained. This would have cut the Confederacy in two. But Sherman found the achievement impossible; and after chasing Hood about in the rear for a month or two, and accomplishing nothing but to hold his own, he conceived another idea,—one of the grandest and boldest that ever occurred to a man



SHERMAN'S ARMY LEAVING ATLANTA

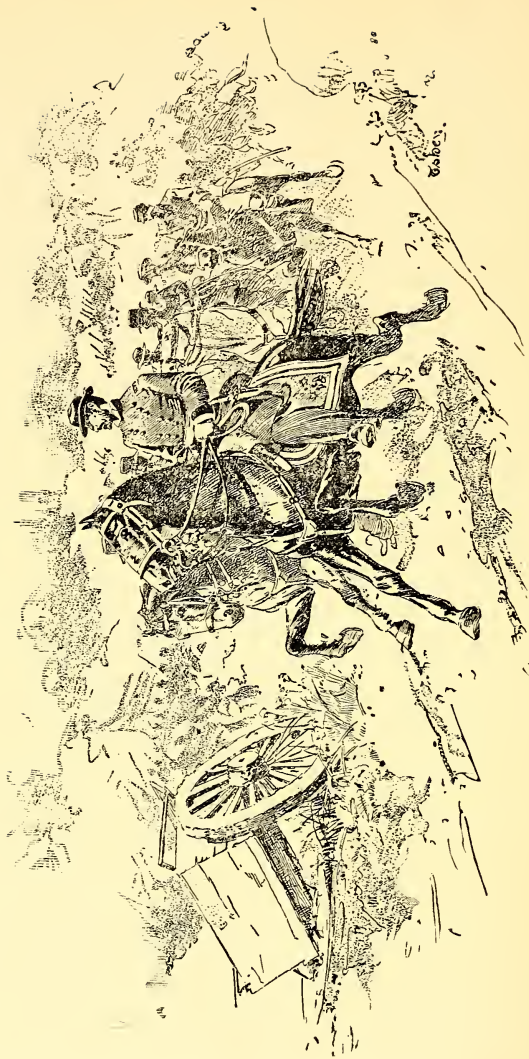
in war. This was nothing else than to give up Atlanta and the railroad to Chattanooga, to abandon all supplies from the North, and to dash into the enemy's country, depending upon the country itself for supplies, and then make a way to either the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico. He proposed to take his sixty thousand men into the interior of the Confederacy, where he could have no communication with any other Union army, no help from Grant or the Government, no news from them for at least a month; to risk meeting whatever force the Southerners might collect to obstruct him, and to depend upon what he could find to feed his army,—men and horses. No such enterprise had ever been attempted in modern war.

On the 16th of November, Sherman himself rode out of Atlanta, his army having preceded him. When he reached a hill just without the town, he stood on one of his old battle-grounds and paused to look back at the smoldering ruins he had made. The smoke hung over the unfortunate city like a pall, but in front the men were marching to the tune of "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave." They took up the hymn as they bore their glistening mus-

kets in the sun, and with swinging pace moved lightly forward, thinking little then of the thousand miles that lay between them and Richmond.

The troops started at the earliest dawn and marched till noon. Then there was a halt for the day, always, of course, near a stream; water was brought and the cooking began, and the pine-trees were cut, not only for fire, but for shelter and beds, for there were no tents taken with the army; everybody went into bivouac. At night the great fires blazed high for miles, and threw a red light over the landscape long after the blue-coated soldiers had sunk to slumber on their couches of leaves.

The fences along the road were destroyed for fire-wood, and all the rails of the railroads were taken up. Huge piles of the iron were laid across the fires till the metal was softened, and then the soldiers took it to the neighboring trees, and twisted it, red and hissing, around the juicy saplings, so that it might not be used to repair the road after the army had passed; for the destruction of the railroads was one of the principal objects of the campaign. All bridges were burned as soon as crossed, and the country was left as impassable as possible for an enemy.



ON THE WAY TO THE SEA

The orders were for the troops to forage liberally off the country. The region was rich and had never before been visited by an enemy. Meal, bacon, sweet potatoes, poultry, cows and oxen were abundant, as well as horses and mules. Parties were sent out before daylight from every brigade, on each side of the line of march, to ransack every farm and plantation within range. The men were all mounted on horses, mules, or even cattle, sometimes with saddles but oftener without; the animals were packed with hams, live fowl, bags of grain or flour, and even articles of furniture or clothing; for war is often only organized robbery. The parties were surrounded by crowds of negroes, who everywhere left their masters to follow the Union army; men, women, and children, all knew they were emancipated. They swarmed around the column, clinging to the horses, kissing the hands and feet of the officers, frantic with joy at the arrival of those whom they looked upon as their deliverers.

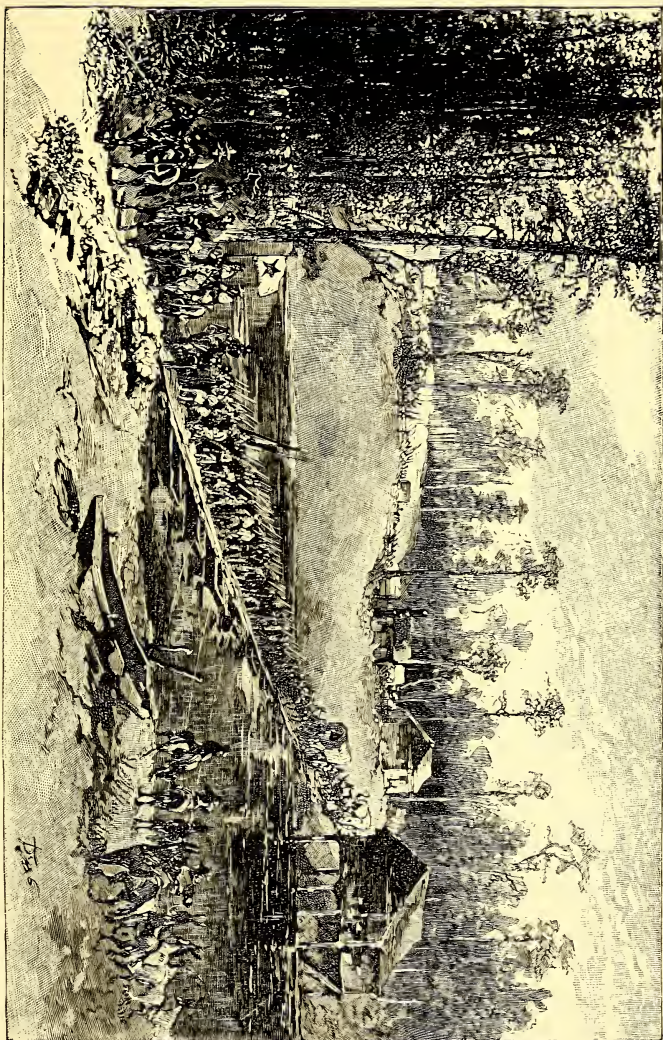
On the 10th of December the army came up with the defenses of Savannah. The place was well fortified; it had a good garrison and an able commander, General Hardee, and it might hold out for weeks.

On the 16th of December Sherman summoned Hardee to surrender Savannah, but the Confederate commander refused. There was still one road out of the city, on the northern side, that was left unclosed; and Sherman went up to Port Royal to order Foster to close that road. While he was absent, on the night of the 21st, Hardee evacuated the city by the still open road, and when Sherman returned, on the 22d of December, he found his own troops in possession of Savannah. He telegraphed to the President: "I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition; also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton." This message reached the President on Christmas Eve, and was published in the Northern newspapers on Christmas Day. Savannah was a big present to put into the nation's stocking.

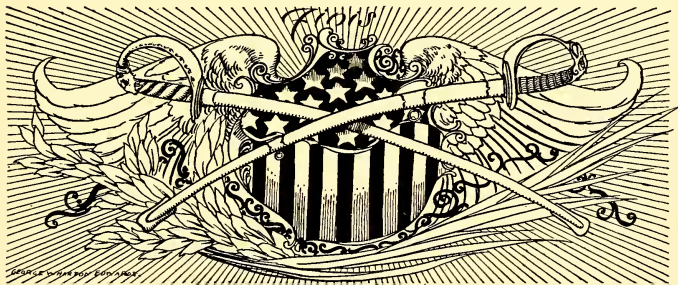
It was thirty-one days after starting from Atlanta before Sherman re-opened communication with the North. In that time he had destroyed two hundred miles of railroad, and broken up every connection between the Confederate forces east and west of Georgia.

The success of this campaign was equal to its

"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA"—CROSSING A RIVER ON A PONTON-BRIDGE



daring, and although its dangers proved less in reality than in anticipation, the skill of the commander and the courage of the men are none the less to be admired. The romantic character of the march is unsurpassed. That an army should disappear from sight for a month, marching unharmed through hostile regions, its whereabouts unknown to its friends, and emerge at last as if out of a wilderness, with undiminished numbers and increased renown, is a circumstance that equals in interest any in history; and so long as American boys and girls read the account of the nation's achievements, they will find no chapter more fascinating than that which tells of Sherman's March to the Sea.



ANIMAL STORIES
RETOLD FROM
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE

IN SIX VOLUMES. EDITED BY M. H. CARTER,
DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE, NEW YORK
TRAINING SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS



ABOUT ANIMALS

Interesting facts about animals in general.

BEAR STORIES

Information and adventure.

CAT STORIES

Dealing with the cat as a pet.

STORIES OF BRAVE DOGS

Showing the dog's love and devotion to man.

LION AND TIGER STORIES

Stories of adventure

PANTHER STORIES

Stories of adventure.

EACH ABOUT 200 PAGES, FULL CLOTH, 12MO

THE CENTURY CO.

GEOGRAPHICAL STORIES
RETOLD FROM
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE
IN SIX VOLUMES

A Series of Books of Adventure, Travel and Description, chiefly in the Great Sections of the United States



WESTERN FRONTIER STORIES
Stories of the early West, full of adventure.

STORIES OF THE GREAT LAKES
Niagara and our great chain of Inland Seas.

ISLAND STORIES
Stories of our island dependencies and of many other islands.

STORIES OF STRANGE SIGHTS
Descriptions of natural wonders, curious places and unusual sights.

SEA STORIES
Tales of shipwreck and adventures at sea.

SOUTHERN STORIES
Pictures, scenes and stories of our Sunny South.

Each about 200 pages. 50 illustrations.
Full cloth, 12mo.

THE CENTURY CO.



